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THE
FAVOURITE.

VOL. II.

THE

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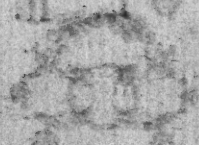
MORAL TALE

FAVOURITE

A LADY OF QUALITY

VOL. II

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LONDON

Printed by R. B. Seeley, in Pall Mall

1841

E. Bernard
THE

FAVOURITE.

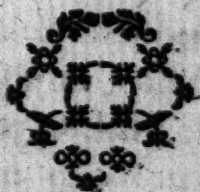
A

MORAL TALE.

WRITTEN BY

A LADY OF QUALITY.

VOL. II.



LONDON,

Printed for R. BALDWIN, in Pater-noster Row.

MDCCLXXI.

FAVOURITE

MEMORABLE

WRITTEN BY

A LADY OF QUALITY

ANONYMOUS

LONDON

Printed for M. DAWSON, in Pall-mall.

MDCCLXXI.



THE
FAVOURITE.

LORD Frampton unattached, and at liberty to avow his sentiments, certainly felt more at ease than Hebe, a timid girl, and fettered with an engagement which was always disagreeable to her, and which became doubly so after her meeting with his Lordship. Common politeness, to say nothing of gallantry, authorised him to communicate his sensations, and he *did* communicate them, but with so much respect, so much delicacy, that he appeared more and more amiable in the eyes of *her* who had excited them;

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and he availed himself of every freedom which was allowable in his circumstances. — While he supported her in his arms, he held her soft white hand, and seized every moment to shew his attention to her; to discover his solicitude on her account—she was thoroughly sensible of his assiduities, and her heart swelled high with silent gratitude.

In this manner they travelled on very slowly till they came near the village in which Mrs. Cranmer lived: she was gone to rest, as quietly as she could without her Hebe, whom she did not expect, having first breathed a fervent prayer for her preservation.

Miss Cranmer's silence during the journey alarmed Lord Frampton exceedingly; for he was afraid that she had received some inward hurt, and he was full of terrifying apprehensions concerning her. — With a voice

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a voice melting with fear and love, he, every now and then, asked her how she found herself.—To his last interrogation she answered “Somewhat easier.”

Pressing her hand with energy he cried, “Thank heaven!”—she replied only with a tender sigh; but her sweet eyes were raised to him full of acknowledgment for the anxiety he had discovered about her; and *her* looks occasioned others in return, which sometimes called up charming blushes in her lovely face.

Just before they reached Mrs. Cranmer's house, Hebe seated herself upright in the chaise, and again thanked my Lord for his assistance.—“Would to heaven, Miss Cranmer, said he, that it had been more efficacious, or that it was in my power, Madam, added he, with a sigh, to relieve you more effectually.”

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"I shall never forget what you have done for me, my Lord."

"It is not worth remembering, Madam: it will however convince you, I hope, that I shall warmly attach myself to you for the remainder of my life.—Had I been happy enough, continued he, with a deeper sigh, to have seen you sooner, I might have been permitted to hope; as it is, I must despair: yet the knowing you are lost to me cannot make any alteration in my sentiments.—I dare not be more explicit."

Hebe's heart fluttered while he spoke as if it would burst.—Her face glowed, her hands trembled: tears actually rushed into her eyes, and she was totally incapable of speaking.

Lord Frampton saw her embarrassment with anxiety and concern.—He turned pale: he sighed; he looked on her as if he had
longed

longed yet dreaded to have discovered the dictates of his soul : while she, believing that his uneasiness arose entirely from her being engaged to Darnly, was twenty times on the point of telling him she never would be *his*—She was only restrained from the commission of so violent an indiscretion by that kind of timidity which is inseparable from true love.

During the short remainder of their journey, they were both silent—but their eyes were sufficiently intelligent to each other, and they “ *Looked* unutterable things.”

When they stopped at the cottage, Hebe expressed much anxiety lest her mother should be alarmed on seeing her in the condition she was in.—“ She will be happy, however, in hearing that I have met with *such* a protector.”

There was no time for a reply.

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Mrs. Cranmer, who was in bed—(between four and five o'clock) was exceedingly frightened on being told by Susan, that Miss was brought home by a strange gentleman, and seemed to be very much hurt, as he lifted her, with the greatest care, out of the chaise and carried her into the parlour in his arms.—She hurried down, ran to Hebe, who threw her arms round her neck, and then, looking at Lord Framp-ton, said, “To this gentleman I owe my preservation—Had it not been for *him* I might have never seen my dear mother again.”

Mrs. Cranmer, tho' generally possessed of much presence of mind, was, by the unexpected sight of her daughter with her head bound up, and by the short account she had given of herself, so astonished and concerned that she knew not what to say.—She therefore only curtesied to Lord Framp-ton.—Then, embracing her daughter again, “Where, my love, are you hurt?—
how

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how came you in this condition?" said she.

"I believe, Madam, replied my Lord, that rest will be very necessary for Miss Cranmer: and, if you will permit me to assist her in getting up stairs, I will tell you what accident she has met with, which will be attended, I hope, with no ill consequences: yet certainly the sooner she has advice the better, especially as she would not give me leave to send for any surgeon."

Mrs. Cranmer looked attentively at my Lord and at her daughter; lifted up her hands and eyes to heaven, and then said in faltering accents, while tears rolled down her cheeks, "My dear child is not very bad, I hope, Sir?"—"Will you go up stairs, Hebe?"

"Yes, my dear Madam, said she rising, and leaning on Lord Frampton, who offered his arm."

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"Give me your hand Hebe," replied her mother, surprised at her so readily accepting of my Lord's assistance.—

"You cannot walk, said he, let me carry you up."

"No—I can go very well with your help:"—but she was so stiff with her bruises that she made no opposition to him when he insisted upon carrying her up to her apartment.—Susan went first.—

When he had placed her in a chair, he pressed her hand tenderly—"I hope to see you better by and by, Miss Cranmer: but let me intreat you to have advice immediately.—Shall my servant go for a surgeon, Madam?"—(turning to Mrs. Cranmer) who assented, though she scarcely knew, so much was she surprised, so much was she afflicted, what she said or did.—He then bade Hebe adieu with a look which spoke every thought of his heart, and asked Mrs. Cranmer

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mer if she would permit him to disclose something to her in the parlour.—She followed him, though reluctantly, leaving Susan with her daughter.—He then told her in what situation he had found Miss Cranmer, and how much she had suffered both from the fall, and from lying so long deprived of her senses on the ground; he concluded with desiring her permission to call and see her in the evening.

Mrs. Cranmer, after having sincerely thanked him for his humane and kind behaviour to Hebe, added that a message from him to enquire after her would be sufficient.

“Excuse me, Madam, said my Lord; I would on no account disturb Miss Cranmer, but I cannot be satisfied with the report of a servant.—I will not detain you a moment longer, as your amiable daughter wants all your care.”

B 5

With

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With these words he hurried out of the house, and Mrs. Cranmer went up to Hebe, whom she again received with open arms, and repeatedly poured out her gratitude to heaven for her preservation.—“Where, my dear child, do you feel the greatest uneasiness?”

“I was a good deal bruised, Madam, by the overturning of the chaise, and stunned, as I was not sensible of the condition I was in till Lord Frampton raised me in his arms—I felt the most violent pain in my head, but Lord Frampton, by bathing my temples with lavender water, greatly relieved me.—O, Madam, continued she, with eyes full of transport, never any man behaved with so much delicate tenderness: I am indebted to him for every thing.”

“My dear child, exclaimed her mother, alarmed at her emotions, I thank heaven for preserving you, but would to God you had

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had been indebted for your safety to Mr. Darnly !”

“Why so, Madam?” replied Hebe, blushing and looking down.—

“Because, my dear, it would have been better for many reasons.”

“It would indeed have been better for *me*—However, as I am *now* circumstanced, I can never marry Mr. Darnly.”

“What do you mean, Hebe ?”

“I mean, Madam, that after having been out all night with *one* man I cannot decently marry another.”

“My good girl,” cried Mrs. Cranmer, looking at her with a wild kind of sorrow, “You distract me—what has happened more than you have told me ? conceal nothing from your mother.”—

"I have nothing to conceal—I am as worthy of being your daughter as ever I was; but I should no longer deserve to be so if I could now bring myself to be Mr. Darnly's wife."

"O Hebe, Hebe, do not confound me thus.—Tell me every thing that has passed between my Lord and you; tell me minutely: surely he could not take advantage of my innocent child's helpless situation—Oh! you terrify me to madness—why, why would your uncle send you home alone."

"Make yourself quite easy, my dearest mother: I am still your innocent child.—Lord Frampton is too noble to act in the manner suspected by you—He is the most amiable of men:—he is all that the heart of a woman can desire."——

"Poor dear girl!" replied Mrs. Cranmer, sighing,

sighing, while she sat looking on her Hebe with pity and concern.

At this juncture Susan brought up the surgeon, who, after having examined the bruises in Hebe's arms, and the contusion on her head, declared that she would soon be well, but urged the necessity there was for the loss of a little blood.—Both mother and daughter readily acquiesced.—When he had left the chamber, Hebe was, by his order, put to bed—Though he previously informed them that there was no occasion for her remaining there longer than usual; adding that if her head had not been so well bathed with the lavender water, she might have been much worse.

Hebe, though weak and weary, was not able to enjoy the sweets of sleep.—She thought on Lord Frampton so much that she hardly closed her eyes; and when she *did* fall into a slumber, she dreamt only of
his

his fine figure, winning looks, melting voice, and tender attentions.

Mrs. Cranmer, plainly perceiving that her daughter was quite intoxicated with my Lord, and having reason to believe that he was no less charmed with *her*, sat anxiously watching by her bed-side, and whenever she began to talk about the accident, and consequently about her deliverer, made little or no answer, only desiring her to try to sleep.

At *seven* in the evening just after Hebe was risen, Lord Frampton sent up to know how she did.

She blushed, and opened her mouth to speak.—Mrs. Cranmer interrupting, was going to send down a message, but Hebe stopped Susan, and said, “My dear mother, will it not be handsomer for you to see him yourself: will you not express *some* gratitude

gratitude to the man who saved your Hebe's life?"

Mrs. Cranmer, in consequence of this interrogation, rose to go down; Miss Cranmer then caught her by the gown, and with beseeching eyes cried, "Dear Madam, speak kindly to him: he is gentleness itself."—Mrs. Cranmer stopped, and looked back on her—"Ah my poor child!" "I should be ashamed, Madam, said she, with much spirit, to discover the least unpoliteness to a man who has preserved my life: and to whom I am most probably indebted for my honour."

"Ay, Hebe, the man, and not his service, engrosses your thoughts: it is love, child, and not gratitude, which he has kindled in your bosom."—She then hurried down to my Lord.

"I have taken the liberty, Madam, said his Lordship, accosting her in the politest manner,

manner, to come and enquire after Miss Cranmer; and with the greater satisfaction, as the surgeon, whom I ordered to call at *my* house when he had been with her, has given me hopes that she is in a fair way to recover: happy shall I be to hear her with her own lips confirm *his* intelligence."

"So much concern, my Lord, replied Mrs. Cranmer, half vexed at his solicitude, is not necessary—My daughter is, I hope, rather better, but still wants rest and quiet."

"Undoubtedly, Madam, and I hope she will enjoy both, under the protection and by the affectionate care of a mother who merits all her duty and regard.—I will, therefore, call again tomorrow—May I hope for *your* permission to be admitted among the number of Miss Cranmer's friends, when she is able to see them."

Mrs.

Mrs. Cranmer only replied with a curtesy; and he took his leave.

The moment she returned to Hebe, "My dear, dear mother, said she, with the greatest eagerness, how does he look? what does he say? when will he come again? did he ask much after me? O tell me—But I know he did—I am sure he wished to see me—I think I cannot be mistaken—but, do, tell me all he said."

Mrs. Cranmer, quite surprised at her daughter's impatience said, "Surely, Hebe, you have entirely forgot Mr. Darnly: can you, with any consistency, as you are engaged to *him*, be thus anxious about Lord Frampton?"

"My good indulgent mother, replied she, I never can be Mr. Darnly's: I have already said so, and I repeat my words."

"Have

“Have you reflected, child, upon the consequences with which this levity of yours may be attended? are you not under a promise of being Mr. Darnly’s wife? are you not therefore too strongly attached to him to leave him *honourably*?—What will Mr. Darnly, what will the world think of you? nay, what will Lord Frampton himself think of you? Pleased as he is with you at present, after so particular a rencontre, he may see you in a different light when he recollects your encouraging behaviour to *him*, under an honourable engagement to another man.—Men never love the women long whom they cannot esteem; and certainly your carriage on this occasion cannot be thoroughly defended.”

“My dearest Madam, replied Hebe, I submit to all you have said; yet were you to put yourself in *my* place, and to consider every thing on my side of the question, you would not be so ready to condemn my conduct, though appearances are, I own, against

gainst me.—I never loved Mr. Darnly; yet as I loved no other man, and as you was very desirous of my receiving his addresses, I consented; hoping that in time I might be better satisfied with him: I have since had reason to think that he is of a jealous disposition; with such a disposition in a husband no woman can be happy—besides Mr. Darnly, with his suspicious temper, will hardly bring himself to marry a woman who has been out all night with another man—I mention this circumstance again, because I wish it may have some weight with you.—Lord Frampton, indeed, took no improper liberties with me; but as I have been with him in a situation which gave him an opportunity to ruin me for ever, delicacy forbids me to think of being another man's wife.”

“ Bless me, child! you absolutely rave—Do ye then expect to marry Lord Frampton? has he made any overtures to you?”

“ He

“ He said all that he *could* say, knowing of my engagement ; but had he said nothing, had he not discovered half so much solicitude about me, I cannot give my hand to Mr. Darnly ; indeed I cannot.”

“ That is, because you are extravagantly in love with Lord Frampton.”

“ I own I love him, said she, blushing : I must have been quite destitute of sensibility, to have seen him, to have heard him, to have felt the touch of his soft hand without loving him.”

“ Oh Hebe—Hebe—what a change has *one* night made in a girl the most discreet, the most reserved of her sex !”

“ My dear mother do not accuse me of levity or forwardness : I am neither forward nor fickle :—Warm as my affection is for Lord Frampton, I would, if he offered the slightest affront to my virtue, (tho’

I am sure he would not) immediately convince him of his error.—Mr. Darnly has already found me more than once upon my guard against his attempts.”

“He found you guarded because he was not beloved—a woman is not so capable of resisting the man of whom she is fond, as of opposing him for whom she has no inclination.”

“I am very sorry, Madam, that you imagine that I shall conduct myself in a manner for which I have the utmost abhorrence : but that you may be assured of the purity and rectitude of my intentions, I will never marry Mr. Darnly, because he may entertain suspicions, the cruellest to be conceived, and yet not to be removed ;—and because I should most grossly impose upon him by giving him my hand without my heart.—Yet I solemnly declare at the same time that I will not marry Lord Frampton, were he this moment to solicit me, till Mr.
Darnly

Darnly gives *his* consent, or is engaged to another woman."

In vain did Mrs. Cranmer, absolutely astonished at her daughter's resolution and firmness, in vain did she endeavour to make her recal so indiscreet a declaration. Hebe was inflexible, though in every other respect dutiful and affectionate.—She only said that she thought she might very innocently see Lord Frampton in her mother's presence; assuring her that she could not, without being in the highest degree ungrateful, refuse his visits.

He came again the next day.

As soon as Hebe, who had expected him, heard he was in the house, she slipped into a closet in which her mother was sitting, near her chamber, and with a supplicating look asked her if his Lordship might not be admitted.

"Stay,

"Stay, child, cried Mrs. Cranmer, till he enquires after you."

"He *will* undoubtedly, if he is not apprehensive of being too inroaching."

Mrs. Cranmer went down, and returned with Lord Frampton, who looked transported at the sight of Hebe, at the sight of her *recovered*.

She rose to receive him with a blush and a smile which rendered her more lovely, and the languor occasioned by her weakness, and by her emotions on his appearance made her beauty doubly attractive.

Lord Frampton said nothing about what engrossed his attention: he was, indeed, so lost in admiration that he could not utter a syllable—he gazed at her with silent rapture till she had twice enquired after his health, and told him that she hoped he had
7 recovered

recovered from the fatigue which he had suffered on *her* account.—

“I could not feel any unhappiness, Miss Cranmer, he then replied, with his eyes languishing on her, while I was assisting *you*—Happy shall I be beyond expression if the remembrance of my little services is attended with any pleasure.

She smiled a reply : and smiled in such a manner that she plainly discovered the exquisite joy she felt on seeing him, and in listening to him—yet she fancied she observed a melancholy hanging over his charming features, and that observation greatly affected her : it pained her so much that she sighed while she beheld him : she was, indeed, sufficiently distressed about her engagement to a man whom she could not love, and by feeling the sincerest, the tenderest passion for Lord Frampton—she tried, however, to enliven him by her conversation,

fation, which was spirited and sensible enough to have fixed him hers forever, if he had not been before enslaved by her charms. — At first he was more attentive to hear than eager to reply; but wishing, at length, to make himself as agreeable to *her* as *she* was to him, he endeavoured to talk with equal vivacity: by so doing he not only enchanted Hebe but entertained Mrs. Cranmer, and made her cease to wonder at her daughter's partiality in his favour; yet whenever Hebe was silent, his melancholy returned, and she with the utmost difficulty concealed the sensations which it had excited in her gentle bosom.

When he took leave he begged their permission to wait on them again.

The conversation having turned upon books, he sent them, next day, some of the best authors, English, French, and Italian, which were not, he found, in *their* collecti-

on, and the books were accompanied with some very fine fruit.

Mrs. Cranmer not being at home when these acceptable presents arrived, Hebe sent back an invitation to tea.

Mrs. Cranmer though she feared that disagreeable consequences might arise from this intimacy, did not care to chide her for what she had done.

Lord Frampton, animated with the message he received, made his appearance before the usual hour : but though he was so eager to behold Hebe again, he could not shake off the dejection which oppressed him, as he knew that she was destined to the arms of a rival.—She met him with the sweetest smiles, and he strove to be as lively as he was the preceding day, but in vain ; he could not raise his spirits.—She asked him, several times, if he was ill, and became

came so anxious about him that she could not help sighing aloud, sighing in despair.

Mrs. Cranmer stepping out of the room for something Lord Frampton seized that moment to take her hand, and to ask her why she sighed.—“I alone have reason to sigh, who am every hour more and more enamoured with what I can never hope to possess.—How very happy is Mr. Darnly, Madam, who dares to disclose a passion which I am doomed to confine within my own tortured bosom.”

“He does not think so, my Lord,” replied Hebe, with glowing cheeks.

“How, Madam?—Can the man who is permitted to address *you* as a lover be dissatisfied?”

“Mr. Darnly has ever complained of my indifference in terms which give me no room to suppose that he is contented with me.”

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“ You revive me, Miss Cranmer, with this intelligence,” said my Lord eagerly—
“ But tell me, dear Madam, O tell me whether I dare venture to flatter myself, upon a supposition that Mr. Darnly has not yet made an impression on your valuable heart.”

Hebe looked extremely disconcerted at so home a speech—She was not in the least displeased with it, but she did not know how to give a definitive answer—the answer which his Lordship seemed to expect to it. While she was hesitating, Mrs. Cranmer returned, and Lord Frampton, finding not another favourable moment, left them for that evening; left Hebe more pleased with him, and more displeased with her situation than ever.

During Darnly's absence Hebe received several very tender and affectionate letters from him; in which he earnestly intreated her to send him as tender replies:
but

but the letter which she wrote to him from her uncle's was by no means so warm as he wished it to be.—He determined, therefore, on the receipt of it, to return to her as soon as he could possibly make his escape from his grandfather.

Lord Frampton quitted Hebe in a state of the utmost inquietude ; and was violently agitated by opposite emotions which alternately excluded peace from his mind.—Sometimes he was elevated with hope, sometimes plunged into despair.—He was very wretched when he thought of her engagement to Darnly, but he formed hopes from her behaviour which were not a little flattering, though he was often afraid to reckon upon the encouragement with which she indulged him, lest he should be mistaken.—He could not enjoy a moment's rest—he was always reflecting on her obliging carriage to him : she was ever present to his eye, and her silver-toned voice ever

C 3

sounded

founded sweetly in his ear.—His soul doated on her to distraction.

Hebe was no less attached to Lord Frampton than he was to her, and even Mrs. Cranmer could not help owning that there was something irresistibly prepossessing in him; though she cautiously made her confessions to her daughter, as she saw her so deeply affected by his fine person and elegant manners.—He was, indeed, a man on whom few women could look, to whom few women could listen, with indifference.

Lord Frampton hardly closed his eyes all night: Hebe was nearly as wakeful; as unable to sleep.—Her chief anxiety was occasioned by his dejection; it pained her extremely to think of it, and being so pained she naturally desired to remove it:—yet she knew not what steps to take towards its removal: She was afraid of putting a construction upon what he had said to her agreeable to her wishes; she intended,

ed, therefore, to mention nothing concerning it, but to treat him with the greatest respect and consideration.—He came again in the evening, though he feared he should be thought too intruding ; he was not able to keep away.

She received him with the most obliging smiles ; and being almost recovered, had studied, with unusual solicitude, to dress herself to the greatest advantage, yet with the most becoming simplicity. She was, in truth, so desirous of pleasing that she had brought her mandoline into the parlour, thinking that if my Lord had any taste for music, she might be happy enough to entertain him with it.—He saw it as soon as he entered the room ; longing, however, for an answer to the question which he had addressed to her the foregoing night, he seemed not to take any notice of it.—Finding, at last, that Mrs. Cranmer was by no means willing to leave them by themselves,

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he threw his eyes strong upon the instrument, and asked Hebe if she *played*.——

“I can just touch it,” said she, smiling.

He then put it into her hands, and she played and sung in so pathetic a style that he felt himself in elysium: yet he said little; he was too deeply delighted to articulate his feelings: he sat quite abstracted, gazing at her with silent rapture.

While he was in his ecstatic situation Darnly came in, and flying to Miss Cranmer caught her in his arms——“My Hebe, my angel, cried he, how transported am I to see you safe after so terrible an accident——My father this moment told me of it——but why, my love, did you not inform me yourself that you was out of danger?” continued he, embracing her, though she struggled violently to disengage herself.——Having with much difficulty made him quit her, she said, looking at his Lordship
with

with ineffable sweetness, "I owe my safety, Sir, entirely to Lord Frampton."

Darnly, on whom she had darted glances of a very different kind, turning to Lord Frampton, thought himself obliged to make him *some* compliment; then, sitting down by Hebe he began to take a thousand little freedoms to which he was, he imagined, justly intitled—freedoms, however, which no man of delicacy would have taken before a gentleman, almost a stranger to him, supposing them to have been ever so agreeable to the lady.

Hebe was exceedingly shocked at his behaviour, especially when she saw Lord Frampton turn pale, rise, and go to the window.—It had indeed such an effect upon her, that, pushing Darnly from her, she rose, stepped to his Lordship, and, looking up in his face with the most winning expression in her own, "Are you not well my Lord," said she with a softened voice—

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Any man but Darnly would have felt himself of no consequence upon the occasion; he was too much in love to see that he was not beloved.—Lord Frampton returned all Hebe's looks, but could not help shewing very strong signs of doubt and jealousy in his countenance, while he added, "You are engaged *now*, Miss Cranmer; I will take another opportunity."

"Indeed I am not," replied she.—

My Lord, however, chose to leave the field, and his departure filled her with an anxiety which rendered her absolutely insensible to every thing which Darnly uttered. So totally negligent and inattentive did she become, that he began to see with new eyes; to see that Lord Frampton was a formidable rival.—He, therefore, soon taxed her with the particularity of her behaviour to him.

"As I am indebted to Lord Frampton, Sir, replied she, for having preserved my honour

honour and my life, and as his behaviour to me in a very particular situation, was in the highest degree delicate and polite, the greatest acknowledgments are certainly due to him from me, and I am not all conscious of having discovered too much gratitude."

This reply alarmed Darnly, and it provoked him:—Fearful of losing her, he pleaded her prior engagement to him, and vowed that were she fickle enough to be capable of preferring Lord Frampton to *him*, he should never possess her but thro' *his* heart.

This menace filled her with a thousand terrifying apprehensions on my Lord's account.—She therefore called back Mr. Darnly, who was hurrying out of the house, and begged him to sit down, and listen patiently to her.—“I will allow that I am engaged to you, but the late accident which threw me under Lord Frampton's protection and care, and obliged me to be

out all night with him, has, I know, filled your mind with many suspicions: I will add injurious ones; as no man could have behaved upon such an occasion with more delicacy and propriety than Lord Frampton did.—As I see plainly, therefore, that you behold his Lordship in a wrong light, I am resolved never to be yours, for our union *now* would only produce innumerable doubts, disgusts, altercations, and”—Darnly’s patience was exhausted; he could not suffer her to proceed.—“I swear solemnly, said he, you shall never be married to Lord Frampton.”

“Stay, Mr. Darnly, replied she, stopping him, with her trembling hands, and listen to *me* while I as solemnly declare that I never will be Lord Frampton’s wife while you remain single, or unengaged to any other woman.”

“How can I depend upon you, cried he, how can I depend upon you?” raising and softening his voice, alternately—“How

can I place any confidence in a faithless woman who has already transferred the little, the very small share I had of her esteem, to another, and who has plainly declared that she will not keep her engagement with me ?—”

“ With what propriety,” said she, with great firmness, “ can I swear to be yours, when I am conscious of feeling no affection for you ? besides, your jealousy would render us both inexpressibly miserable.”—

“ Tis false, Madam : I never was jealous ; I never suspected you till this moment, nor should I ever have had suspicions against you, had you not declared that you never would be mine.”

“ I made *that* declaration, Sir, because I am well assured that you will be as unhappy with me, as I shall be with you : no man can be happy with a woman whose love does not answer his expectations.”

“ No man, Madam, can be happy with a woman who is in love with another.”

Hebe

Hebe coloured like scarlet at this home accusation: however, being not in the least inclined to change her resolution, she replied, with still more spirit, "If that is *your* opinion, you had better leave me then to the man whom I prefer."

"No, Madam—No—I will perish first"—replied he, almost breathless with rage, and rushed out of the house.

Mrs. Cranmer, who had been, though much against her will, a silent witness to the above scene of altercation, endeavoured to detain him, but to no purpose.—"What have you done, child! cried she, turning to her daughter—why have you thus inflamed a man who has not really, by any means, deserved this treatment from you—you have not only rendered him unhappy, you have also endangered his life, and Lord Frampton's too, if I am not much mistaken."

"O my dear, dear mother—save me from such a horrid idea—I cannot support it:

it : I did not mean to incense Mr. Darnly ;
I only wished to make him hear reason—
I would die to preserve Lord Frampton.”

Just as she had uttered his name my
Lord entered the room.

“I beg pardon, Madam,” said he to Mrs.
Cranmer, who looked, he saw, extremely
disconcerted, “I beg pardon for returning
at so late an hour ; but I met with some
music which might, I thought, afford a lit-
tle entertainment to Miss Cranmer.”

At that instant Susan came, and called
her mistress out.—My Lord was therefore
left alone with Hebe, who raising her
weeping eyes with a satisfaction at his ap-
pearance which she could no conceal, said
to him, “How glad am I to see you again
safe ; why did you hurry away so ?”

“After this dear confession,” replied he,
pressing her hand, “May I not venture to
tell

tell you that I could not bear to see the happy Darnly take such liberties with you?—But why these tears? what can have occasioned them?—”

Oh—do not mind *me*——but—take the utmost care of yourself.—By resenting Darnly’s freedoms, and declaring that I could never be his, I have raised such a storm that I tremble for your life: let me not, I conjure you, be the murderer of him who has preserved *mine*.—”

She could not proceed: a fresh flood of tears prevented her from speaking another word.

Lord Frampton, deeply affected by her concern, and at the same time delighted with her determination, knew not well how to express the different passions which agitated his soul.—Holding her hands to his lips, he thanked her for the transports she had given him by a declaration so greatly
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in his favour, and asked her softly, "If he might not then hope to be permitted to throw himself and his fortune at her feet."

Pleased as she was with this avowal of his passion for her, she told him that she could not act upon the occasion agreeably to his wishes.—"I cannot marry at all, my Lord," said she, drying her eyes, and looking chearfully at him, "I have bound myself by a solemn promise to Mr. Darnly, not to marry while *he* remained unengaged."

"Cruel promise!—why, why, Miss Cranmer, would you make it?"—

"To save *you* from his fury, my Lord," replied she, "as he imputes his disappointment entirely to my meeting with *you*.—Could I do less to preserve the life of so valuable a friend? and you must promise me, in return, added she, with a smile, that you will

will not, however provoked, answer any challenge from him."

"Charming tyrant," said my Lord, looking at her with eyes full of the most melting tenderness, "Will you have my honour as well as my peace in your power! but my heart, my life, every thing I possess is yours, and yours alone: for you alone shall dispose of me just as you please—I will, though languishing to a degree beyond endurance to call you mine, wait an age to give you any kind of satisfaction—On you alone my happiness depends, and my conduct shall be regulated in every respect by *your* will."

Scarce was the last word out of his mouth when Mrs. Cranmer entered the room.—My Lord, imagining that she did not appear to be so well satisfied with him as her daughter was, asked Hebe if he might not solicit her mother's concurrence with what had just passed.

"Certainly,

“Certainly, said she; I will do nothing without my mother’s approbation, who knows every thought of my heart.”

My Lord then in the politest terms addressed Mrs. Cranmer upon the subject which engrossed his attention, and begged her to give Miss Cranmer leave to be his as soon as she was herself disposed to favour him with her hand.

“I am very ready, my Lord, to acknowledge the honour you do my daughter; but you must permit me to say that I cannot approve of her present conduct: had you been the *first* with your offer to her, I should have thought myself happy by her acceptance of it, but as Mr. Darnly had done nothing to merit her disregard when she rejected him, I am of opinion that he has *some* reason to complain.”

Lord Frampton pleaded hard for himself by endeavouring to make Mrs. Cranmer

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mer sensible of the extreme propriety of her daughter's behaviour upon so delicate an occasion; and after having expatiated in the most pathetic terms on the miserable condition of the woman who is married against her inclination, took his leave, finding it grew late.—Hebe, however, intreated him again, before he went away, to avoid Darnly.—She would have added more, but was afraid of being thought too forward—yet her looks were more expressive than her words; and though she withdrew her hand when he kissed it, she withdrew it in such a manner that he might plainly perceive with how much reluctance she gave him any pain.

As soon as he was gone she began to excuse herself to her mother, whom she dearly loved, begging her to consider a little, and not be displeased with her for declining a marriage which must render her for ever miserable.

“ You

"You would not have been miserable, Hebe, had not you met with this Lord Frampton."

"Is he not amiable beyond expression, my dearest mother?"—

"I am not at all disposed to derogate from his merit:—but only think, Hebe;—suppose you were already married, would you not look upon yourself in a criminal light for giving way to the impression which this man has made on your heart? and surely your engagement to Mr. Darnly is nearly allied to a marriage with him?"

"It is, Madam, but not so binding—Had I been actually married before I became acquainted with Lord Frampton, I would have avoided him as my greatest enemy: and had I loved Darnly I should not have been affected at the sight of his Lordship: but as I am not yet married to Darnly, I should do him the highest injustice

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tice by giving him my hand, because I never can love love him; and because he would be ever jealous of the man whom I prefer, he well knows, to all the world."

Mrs. Cranmer, finding that nothing which she said had the desired effect upon her daughter, and being unwilling to make her unhappy, gave up the contest for that time.

The next day Miss Cranmer received the following letter from her uncle, who had twice before sent to know how she did, with a compliment to Lord Frampton for his care of *her* and of his servant.

To Miss Cranmer.

"I am quite astonished to find that after having received an offer from Mr. Darnly, which did so much honour to yourself and and your family, you have rendered yourself unworthy of it, by refusing to comply with engagements so solemnly entered into
on

on your side — Consider Hebe what you are about, before it is too late : solicit Mr. Darnly's return immediately, and agree to give him your hand as soon as he demands it, or never expect the least favour from

Your Uncle,

J. CRANMER."

Miss Cranmer was certainly not in the least pleased with the contents of this letter :—neither the matter nor the style was agreeable to her ; but she had the stronger dislike to it because she feared that it would make her dear mother uneasy. However, putting it into her hand, she begged her advice with regard to an answer to it.— Mrs. Cranmer, after having read it twice over, returned it to her daughter—" My advice, my dear, will be, you know, contrary to your inclination, send, therefore, what reply you like best."—Hebe then sat down and wrote the following lines :

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To

To John Cranmer, Esq.

"I am extremely sorry, Sir, to find myself obliged to oppose your first command : but delicacy, as well as honour, so strongly forbids me to give myself to a man whom I never *did*, whom I never *can* love, that I flatter myself you will, when you reflect upon the disagreeable consequences which may arise from a marriage with Mr. Darnly, both to *him* and to *me*, be kind enough not to expect so considerable a sacrifice from her who is ready to prove herself, in every other respect,

Your obedient niece,

HEBE CRANMER."

Miss Cranmer had just put this letter into her mother's hand when Lord Frampton entered the room.

Mrs. Cranmer, on looking it over, shook her head.

"Have

“Have I your permission, Madam, to shew my uncle’s letter to my Lord?” said Hebe—

Her mother nodded assent.—She then gave both her uncle’s letter and *her* answer to it to Lord Frampton.—“I am as much offended, Miss Cranmer, said he, after having perused them, with the one, as I am pleased with the other: your uncle writes in too peremptory a style, and like a very unkind relation; I am charmed with the proper spirit in your reply to his haughty epistle.”

“Were but my dear mother as well satisfied with it, said she, I should be happy.”

Lord Frampton immediately made use of so many arguments in Miss Cranmer’s favour, urged them with so tender an earnestness, yet paid, at the same time, so great a deference to Mrs. Cranmer’s opinion, to whom he behaved with the most affectionate re-

spect, that she, insensibly, came over to *his* side of the question, even before she was aware of the alteration in her sentiments.—

In consequence of *that* alteration she permitted Hebe to dispatch her letter, without erasing a syllable, and also treated my Lord with the most flattering attentions.—

“Will your Lordship take a walk with us in the garden?” added she.

My Lord cheerfully attended them, and found a moment to thank Hebe, in the warmest, tenderest terms, for so firmly rejecting Darnly.

Hardly had he expressed his gratitude when Mrs. Cranmer, who had stepped into the house, came, hurrying, to tell them that Mr. Darnly was in the parlour.

Hebe instantly turned pale, and begged Lord Frampton to leave them—“Leave us, my Lord, without being seen by Darnly, if you possibly can.”

“Why

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“Why would you oblige me, Miss Cranmer, said he, to appear afraid of *that* man?”

“Oh! cried she, were you but sensible of the terror I feel on your account, you would not hesitate a moment.”

“I never *will* hesitate a moment to obey you, to please you, to adore you,”—replied he—“I will go, Miss Cranmer, because I believe that your concern is occasioned by your *regard* for *me* alone, may I not add *affectionate*——”

“Do but go, cried she, blushing, do but go, and believe what you please.—”

An expressive look was all his answer.—Mrs. Cranmer let him out at the garden-door, and Hebe returned to the parlour.

Resolved to get rid of Darnly at all events, she thus accosted him—“After your

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behaviour

behaviour the last time you was here, Sir, I neither hoped nor expected to see you again."

"My apprehensions made me expect such a reception from you, Madam.—But, my dear, my adored Hebe, consider, I beseech you, to what misery you doom me by continuing to harbour sentiments so fatally levelled against my peace: sentiments which I have, in no shape, deserved; unless I have deserved them by loving you extravagantly:—Do ye really feel no pity in your gentle bosom, Hebe, for the man who would die to make you happy?"

"You have it in your power to make me happy this instant, Mr. Darnly, by resigning all pretensions to me; by giving up a girl who is ready to own herself highly obliged to you for your prejudices in her favour, and who is also convinced that you have merited the heart which she cannot bestow

flow upon you: nay she has even wished that she could return your passion for her."

"What kindness, what cruelty in the same breath!—Tell me only what requisites I want to touch your heart—Allow me but time, and I will study so assiduously to copy Lord Frampton's attractions, happy Lord Frampton's art of captivating, that you shall be brought to own the difference between us too trifling to be perceived."

"Impossible, Sir—and for the future I wish not to have Lord Frampton mentioned, not even thought of, by you—I have already told you, and I tell you again, that I will not marry while you are single and unengaged: leave me, therefore—only leave me, and search for some more deserving woman:—leave the ungrateful Hebe, leave her to herself."

"No, Madam—I will not leave you: were I to withdraw myself, you would not

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be long here: my triumphant rival would soon be posselt of you:—not even your uncle's disapprobation added to *my* affliction can move you to keep your promise—but no matter—he never shall have you.—I will prevent your marriage with him, or perish in the attempt.”

Hebe, terrified at this threat, fiercely delivered, asked him if he imagined that by attempting to injure Lord Frampton he would make her like him better than she did?

“I am become too much your aversion, replied he, to expect any change in my favour; but I will never tamely see you ravished from me—no—I will compel him to resign you.”—

“If he *does*, I will not be yours.”

“You may then do as you please, Madam; I shall be at least comforted in some measure

measure under my disappointment by rendering him incapable of insulting me with his success."

These last words being pronounced with all the fury of a man driven to despair, frightened Hebe to such a degree that she immediately became as submissive as she had been spirited, and began to intreat him not to make any attempts against the life of a man who was, she with tears confessed, so very dear to her : but this intreaty, by which she hoped to soften Darnly, only enraged him the more, and he broke from her, swearing that no power on earth should save Lord Frampton from his vengeance.

Mrs. Cranmer found her almost distracted, but nothing which she could say to her had the least effect till she promised, at her earnest request, to send a card to Lord Frampton, desiring him to be upon his guard.

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In about a couple of hours his Lordship returned to them, and, in hopes of making Miss Cranmer easy, produced a letter which he had written in answer to one he received from Darnly.

To Lord Frampton.

“ My Lord,

“ As you have made use of every insinuating art to gain the affections of Miss Cranmer from me, who is, you well know, under the most solemn engagements to me, you cannot imagine that I shall sit down contented with such an affront—No, my Lord ;—I demand *satisfaction* in the strictest sense of the word, and expect it.—— If, therefore, you are a man of honour, you will meet me in the hay-field, on the east side of the wood in an hour at farthest.

Yours,

H. DARNLY.”

To

To Mr. Darnly.

“ Sir,

“ It is not possible for me to give you the satisfaction which you hastily demand : I have ever had the most rooted aversion to duels, and I hope the principles from which *that* aversion is derived will never be removed :—my principles are immoveable ; but I shall not take up your time to enlarge upon them, as I have a right to act agreeably to my own sentiments, whether they happen to square with those of another or not.—Let me, however, ask you a few questions—Do you really think that you shall gain the Lady in dispute by this rash proceeding ? do you imagine that you shall recommend yourself to her, by running *me* through the body ? are you mad enough to believe that you will prevail on her to be married to you, or even look on you with more pleasure, should it be my fortune to serve *you* in the same manner ?—To

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what purpose then shall we arm ourselves against each other?—To convince you that I am not destitute of courage—I will defend myself if attacked, but I never did yet accept of a challenge, because my principles revolt strongly against *such* honourable procedures; and you, Sir, are not the man to subvert them: I shall, therefore, remain just as calm as I was before I received your hasty letter.

Yours,

FRAMPTON."

Hebe expressed her approbation of the last letter as well as her tears would permit her, and the highest dissatisfaction at the first; declaring that she was exceedingly miserable for having occasioned so much trouble to Lord Frampton, and for having thrown him into so much danger.—“ Had I not before resolved never to marry Mr. Darnly, added she, this letter of his would

would have absolutely determined me against him."

Lord Frampton, sitting by her, said every thing to quiet her fears, which, had they not made her so uneasy, would have given him no small pleasure, as strong proofs of her attachment to him; and his transports, indeed, upon the occasion, every now and then broke out in spite of his endeavours to conceal them:—catching her hand to his lips, several times, he pressed it to his bosom, and hung over her with looks which forcibly spoke every tender sensation of his soul: yet dear as the effusions of his tenderness were to her, they did not pass unproved by her: she checked him, however, with a mildness which plainly discovered that she corrected him with concern; and when he had held her, for some minutes, in his arms gazing on her with the most exquisite delight, she withdrew herself gently, saying with a sweet smile, "You for-

get, my Lord, that we are not lovers yet ; we are only friends and must behave accordingly."

"I am sorry that my Hebe will neither own herself to be under the influence of the most desirable of all passions, nor permit me to vent the raptures which I with the greatest difficulty restrain when I behold that lovely face, and listen to that charming voice—O Hebe, my heart is full of you—do not chide me from you."

Hebe, almost as much softened as her lover, gave him back her hand,—“There, said she, smiling, you must be content with *that*; and I must keep my promise to Darnly, as strictly as to you.—If you are really my friend, you will be satisfied with me.” —“I am, and will be your friend, said he; be you but mine, Hebe, as sincerely, and I shall have no reason to complain.”

Before

Before she could reply, Sir James Grey and Eudofia came in; Sir James had sent several enquiries after Miss Cranmer, in consequence of her accident; but Mrs. Cranmer had been so much distressed and embarrassed, that she had not invited them till the preceding day.—She presented Lord Frampton to them; who, having heard Hebe speak of Eudofia in the highest terms, addressed himself to her with the greatest politeness, and told her that he should be happy in the acquaintance of a lady so deservedly esteemed by Miss Cranmer.

Eudofia replied, with much modesty, to this compliment. Soon afterwards Sir James asked Mrs. Cranmer to take a walk with them in the garden.

When the young people were by themselves, Hebe, who tried to conceal her terrors about Lord Frampton, under a smiling countenance, asked her young friend if she
would

would never let her see Sir Edward Fawthorp ?

“ I prevented his coming, for fear I should be jealous ; for he’ll certainly give the preference to you,” replied Eudofia, laughing—“ He will be here presently, however, I believe,” added she, blushing, “ as he desired my father’s leave to follow him.”

Sir James’s business with Mrs. Cranmer was to intreat her and her daughter to meet *him*, Sir Edward, and Eudofia at his parish church on the Tuesday following.—“ You cannot refuse *me*,” continued he, “ but Sir Edward will be here and invite you, himself, to pass some weeks with him and my daughter in Hampshire, for which they set out as soon as the ceremony is over.”

Mrs. Cranmer assured him of her readiness to attend him to church, but upon acquainting him with what had lately passed in her family, convinced him that she could
not,

not, just then, accept of Sir Edward's civility.—“I am extremely uneasy, and indeed terrified,” continued she, “I beg therefore that you will favour me with your advice.—Hebe's violent aversion to Mr. Darnly very much distresses me: yet I cannot insist upon her making herself miserable for ever.”

Sir James, instead of blaming Hebe's conduct, entirely commended it, and told Mrs. Cranmer he thought her daughter would change for the better, as Lord Frampton was a man as estimable in point of character, as he was amiable.—“It is unfortunate, indeed,” added he, “that Miss Cranmer was engaged to Mr. Darnly before she saw his Lordship.”

While they were settling every thing with regard to the appointed Tuesday, Sir Edward Fawthorp joined the young ladies and Lord Frampton, and Miss Cranmer sent to inform her mother of his arrival.

Eudisia

Eudofia watched Sir Edward carefully, to see what effect Hebe's elegant person had on him, but could not discover that he was particularly charmed with it.—He appeared to be exceedingly pleased with Lord Frampton; and, when Sir James came in, repeating his invitation to the ladies for Tuesday, begged to be honoured with his Lordship's company, and also pressed them to be of their party to Hampshire.

Lord Frampton, on Mrs. Cranmer's declining to be of *that* party, followed her example, but said he should be very glad to attend Miss Cranmer to church with them, and hoped he should soon have it in his power to request a favour of the same kind. "I will then," added he, "wait on Sir Edward to Hampshire, or any where else, with a great deal of pleasure."

When Sir James and Mrs. Cranmer had settled every thing relating to the *wedding-day*, he returned home.—During their walk

Eudofia

Eudofia asked Sir Edward how he liked Miss Cranmer.

“She is a very lovely girl,” replied he, “but I have eyes only for my dear Dossy—There is something particularly striking in Lord Frampton, with whom I shall be glad to better acquainted.”

In the evening, when Sir James and Lady Grey were in a *tête à tête*, he told her that he had fixed upon Tuesday for Eudofia’s marriage, and desired she would prepare herself and Caroline to go to church with her.

“I really wonder at your assurance,” replied she, “in proposing any such thing to *me*—I will not go, nor shall Dossy.”—

“As to that, said Sir James, who had been spirited up by Sir Edward, and elevated by a few extraordinary glasses, “You may do as you please ; but if I live, Tuesday shall be Dossy’s wedding-day; and I don’t care whether

ther you go or not.—I have provided proper people to meet them at church."

"Mighty proper people indeed!" cried she in a violent passion, "very proper people! a woman who is no better than a bawd to her daughter, and a girl who has refused a man who did her a thousand times too much honour in offering to marry her, only in hopes of making a better bargain; fit company for Sir James Grey indeed!"

"Don't tell me a pack of stories, Madam," replied he as he walked from her; "if you would have consented to go with your daughter yourself, as you ought to have done, there would have been no occasion to ask any body else."——With that he left her venting her anger in the most violent, but not the most delicate expressions.—She had not, indeed, spoke to Sir Edward for some days: her haughty fullness, therefore, added to his impatience to be united to Eudofia, made him glad to leave a house

house which had been, for some time, so disagreeable to him; though he came now and then to forward the preparations for his marriage.

On the decisive morning, Eudisia dressed herself in her bridal cloaths, (a white lute-string negligee) and went to her mother's apartment.

Lady Grey was so extremely offended at the sight of her in that dress, that she flung the door in her face.

She then proceeded to Miss Grey's chamber—Caroline would not speak a single word to her.

This behaviour from her mother and sister affected her so much, that she sat down in her own chamber and burst into tears.—Sir James hastily called for her, and she had scarce time to dry her eyes before Sir Edward met her at the foot of the stairs.—Catching her in his arms and pressing her to
his

his bosom, he kissed off the drops of sorrow from her glowing face, and led her to the coach.

While Eudofia was proceeding to church, accompanied by Sir James and Sir Edward, the latter took an infinite deal of pains in the tenderest manner, to raise her spirits, and was successful.—They were joined by Mrs. Cranmer and Miss Cranmer, genteely though plainly dressed, and Lord Frampton, as elegant in his appearance and as handsome as Sir Edward.

When Sir Edward had received with transport Eudofia's hand from her father, he led her to his new post-chariot, made on purpose for the occasion, which carried them to his seat in Hampshire.

Sir James, after having breakfasted with Mrs. Cranmer and my Lord, returned home to his enraged wife, and sulky daughter.

Miss

Miss Grey, during the ceremony at church fell into pretended violent fits, to recover her from which her mother strenuously endeavoured by making her turn her thoughts into a new channel—"Don't give way to despair, my dear," said she to her favourite, "but get well and go abroad, and try to charm some other man: You may easily find another lover, as Dossy will not now have it in her power to interrupt you.—I could not bear to see such a little flirt draw away Sir Edward from you, but I am glad, methinks, that we shall have no more of her company."

Caroline revived a little by listening to this comforting conversation; but on my Lady's telling her how much happier she would be, and how much more she would be admired as Dossy was gone, replied, sobbing, "It is impossible for me to be happy unless I can be sure that Dossy will be *unhappy*."

While

While she continued in this *amiable* frame of mind, a Miss Cox came to see her.— This young lady was just returned from Southampton, at which place she had been for some time with an aunt, and intended to go back again in a few days.—She had been very intimately acquainted with Miss Grey, was a handsome, lively girl, and rallied her friend not a little on being forsaken by Sir Edward.—“I have seen him *en passant*, at the rooms, added she, at Southampton, and think him an exceeding pretty fellow: had I in the least imagined that he had been disposed to take a wife, I should, certainly, have set my cap at him.”

“What hinders you from doing so now?” replied Caroline: “you will, I suppose, visit Dossy?”

“To what purpose should I try to make a conquest of a married man?”

“Nay, only for the sake of variety, and for a little mischief,” answered the artful Caroline.—

“Why

“Why ay, my dear, variety is delightful to be sure, and I love mischief as I love my life. — Besides, I am not clear that this brother of yours may not be of service to me. — I have been, for some time, followed by a Mr. Spencer, one of the sweetest fellows in the world, but, like his friend, not a little inconstant — Now, if he should be in that part of the country, and if I can make him jealous of Fawthorp, something may come of it. — Well, positively I’ll make my Lady a visit as soon as I get there, and when I return you shall know my success.”

“Do, my dear girl,” said Miss Grey, “but first tell me your Spencer’s family: I fancy he is the same who kissed Hebe Cranmer; which piece of insolence, as they called it, brought her acquainted with Dossy: a mighty insult truly for a young man of fashion to take notice of such a girl as her: I think he did her too much honour; I fancy your Spencer is the same man, because I heard Sir Edward say that he knew
him;

him; and that, though he was a wild rogue, he never attacked women of character in that manner."—

"You are right—I have heard him speak of a Miss Cranmer who lived very retired with her mother somewhere in the neighbourhood: but either Sir Edward does not know his real character, or won't own that he does, for he is a very devil among the women: only this I believe, that when he thinks it worth while to dissemble he can play the hypocrite to perfection."

"Very well, and do you like him well enough to be serious about him?"

"Who I, child—no—but I like him too well to let another woman get him from me: it is my highest ambition to make a downright dangler of such an insolent fellow:—but I believe I am too much of his own turn, too volatile to fix him, for I have heard him declare that a soft fighting, timid
young

young creature, though not half so handsome as my ladyship would be much more to his taste."

This conversation passed the very day after the wedding, while Sir Edward was exquisitely happy in the possession of Eudofia, who just began to find her natural timidity give way, and to feel an inexpressible satisfaction in being at liberty to tell him how tenderly she loved him—Happy would her friend Hebe have thought herself, had she been in a situation which would have authorised her to own as much tenderness for Lord Frampton.

Hebe was in this sighing condition when Susan came running into the house in a fright, and as pale as death.—"O Madam, don't tell Miss, but Mr. Darnly has set upon Lord Frampton, and one of them, if not both, is killed."

Hebe, who happened to be in an adjoining room, as soon as she heard the last words,

fell from a chair in a swoon, upon the floor.

—Mrs. Cranmer found her without any signs of life—“My child, my child, my poor child!”—cried she.—

Susan ran immediately for salts, Hungary water, &c. &c.—but not all their united efforts could restore her senses:—they laid her on a sofa, and Mrs. Cranmer was just going to send Susan for a surgeon to bleed her, when Lord Frampton came hurrying into the room.

“Oh! my Lord,” cried she, with looks full of wildness and terror, “you have killed my child.”

“Heavens forbid!” replied he, flying to take her in his arms.—Having raised her drooping head, and laid his face to hers, and with a thousand tender caresses strove to recal her to life—The distracted mother, mean while, stood wringing her hands, in an agony of grief, before them.

For

For a considerable time Hebe remained insensible, and Lord Frampton became almost as frantic as Mrs. Cranmer, eagerly desiring that Susan might go directly for the surgeon.—At that moment, with a deep sigh, she opened her eyes, and seeing *his* face close to hers, said, “Where am I, Madam?” looking wildly on him and on *her*; didn’t you say he was killed?”

“I am not hurt, my life, my Hebe,” said my Lord, pressing her closer to his bosom—“who could frighten you so?”

“Thank God,” replied she rising, “that you are safe! but are you not hurt indeed? —Oh! do not deceive me—it is in vain to dissemble, my Lord—I cannot bear to lose you.”

“You never will lose me *now*, my Hebe; I am yours for ever; be composed, my dearest angel.” —

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"I am," said she briskly; then turning to her mother, she expressed great concern for having alarmed her; nor could that affectionate mother prevail on her to take any remedy. She declared, looking on Lord Frampton with satisfaction inexpressible, that if *he* was well, she was;—but *he* and Mrs. Cranmer were far from being well: they had been both very much agitated on *her* account.—Mrs. Cranmer's discomposure, indeed, did not so immediately appear, but the agitation of Lord Frampton's spirits was excessive: he was not in the calmest state when he entered the house, and Hebe's situation was certainly sufficient to increase the disturbance of his mind: he was alarmed at the sight of her, deprived of her senses; more alarmed at the fruitless efforts which were for a long while made to recover them.—The various emotions which he felt for her, he could not conceal: his eyes were rivetted to her;—he trembled when he touched her, and sighed as if his heart would break.—He delayed his departure

departure to the last moment; yet he had not, though earnestly requested by Hebe, told her what had given rise to the report about his death.—He, therefore, sat down, and gave her the following information:—

“While I was walking, alone, in the avenue to my house, Darnly attacked me.—I disarmed him twice, and would have persuaded him to listen to me calmly, but could not gain my point.—In defending myself, though I took all the care in my power not to hurt my antagonist, I wounded him very dangerously in the side: and I believe his wound was entirely occasioned by the impetuosity with which he rushed upon me.—As soon as he fell I endeavoured to stop the effusion of blood, and called for assistance.—Darnly desired that I would send for some people to be witnesses while he declared, before he was rendered incapable of speaking, that he had brought himself into the condition he was in by his own folly and rashness.—He repeated this declaration to the surgeon, whom my servants had fetched; and when

he was carried home, made the same confession to Lord Haverford and his domestics.—He is now, therefore, quite out of my way; but I must own that I cannot think of having been forced to throw him into so dangerous a situation, without being considerably agitated.” —

Mrs. Cranmer and Hebe were both extremely shocked at this detail, particularly the former, who could have almost wished her daughter much less handsome, as she attributed the disagreeable event to her personal attractions.—Hebe, though she pitied poor Darnly, was unspeakably delighted to see Lord Frampton safe: but she made him over and over again assure her that he had received no wound at all, before she would believe him.

Lord Frampton, at Darnly's request, went every day to see him, though he was for some time pronounced to be in great danger.

This

This bustle gave Mrs. Cranmer so much uneasiness, as her daughter was likely to remain in a very unsettled situation, that she fell ill of a fever: by *her* illness Hebe was thrown into despair, into a condition not to be described.—She scarce quitted her mother a single moment; and had it not been for Lord Frampton's tender attentions to her, as he had the sincerest affections for *her*, and the highest esteem for Mrs. Cranmer, she would have, most probably, sunk under the load of grief with which she was oppressed, being of too delicate a constitution to bear much anxiety without being greatly injured by it.

While the amiable friends of Lady Fawthorp were thus plunged in distress, she was enjoying all the felicity which love and innocence could give her.—She was, on her arrival in Hampshire, visited by all the neighbouring families; and among her visitors were Mrs. and Miss Cox.

Miss Cox was not mistaken with regard to Spencer.—He came down the evening before her, by Sir Edward's invitation, to spend a few weeks with him.

The rudeness of Spencer's carriage had rendered him disagreeable to Hebe, but he was, by no means, a disagreeable man: on the contrary, he was generally admired by the women, whom he as generally admired; but his connexions having been chiefly among the gay and thoughtless of the sex, he began to grow disgusted with the continual sameness among them, and wished to discover a woman untainted with the female follies, and capable of a sincere, unshaken attachment: a woman modest, innocent, timid, yet susceptible of the tender passion to the highest degree—This very woman, in *his* opinion, was Lady Fawthorp, but *she* was engaged; just married to his friend, whom she absolutely adored, and who was no less passionately fond of *her*: imprudently so, indeed, as he not only praised
ed

ed her in the warmest terms to Spencer, but frequently romped and played with her before him.—Spencer could not always see him take such freedoms, even with his wife, without being strongly tempted to follow his example; and the blushing bashfulness of Eudofia heightened the temptation to a degree which almost drove him to expose himself, by taking unwarrantable liberties with her;—no woman could love a husband more fondly than Lady Fawthorp did hers, yet his endearments were received with a modest reluctance, which rendered her doubly lovely in Spencer's eyes; for she discreetly thought, that no wife should discover the least fondness for a husband before a third person, and would have been glad, pleased as she was with the ardent marks of his affection, to have them confined to their hours of privacy; but Sir Edward, young, amorous, and charmed with his Eudofia, was delighted to let his friend, of whom he had no unfavourable opinion, see how happily he was married, in order

to induce him to enter into matrimony.— Spencer, indeed, was, upon a very short acquaintance with Lady Fawthorp, so enchanted with the agreeableness of her person, and the uncommon sweetness of her manners, that, though he was not a friend to the marriage state, he would have been extremely ready, to marry *her* had she been single.—

Spencer, as he was a man who had been accustomed to gratify all his desires without troubling himself much about *moral rectitude*, and full as amorous as Sir Edward, could not possibly confine his feelings to his own bosom. At first he gave a little indulgence to them by sharing with his friend all Eudisia's playful freedoms—If she ran to her husband, he would, with a giddy kind of vivacity, meet her half way, catch her in his arms, and either looked as if he wished to steal a kiss himself, though afraid to venture, or else carry her, blushing, to Sir Edward, who generally, at such times, made
her

her sit in his lap, kissed her, or rolled her on the grass.—With these, and other fooleries of a similar nature, he often put her so much out of countenance, that she availed herself of every favourable moment to leave them by themselves. Sometimes Spencer would gather flowers, and assist Sir Edward in sticking them in her hair and bosom, praising, while so employed, the glossiness of the one, and the whiteness of the other, in terms which plainly discovered the excessive pleasure he received from beholding them.

Poor Lady Fawthorp, distressed at seeing her husband permit his friend to behave with such unbecoming familiarity, yet fearful of disgusting him by making any complaints, always got away as fast as she could; and when she could not escape, shewed by her looks how much she was displeased with Spencer's freedoms: and so far did she sometimes carry her displeasure, that he would complain of it to Sir Edward, and

intreat him to make his peace for him.— Sir Edward being young, giddy, intoxicated with love, and delighted to see the woman whom he had chosen so admired, as he thought his own taste complimented by the admiration which she excited, told her, whenever he was so treated, that she must not be offended with George, or laughed at her delicate reserve, though at the same time he loved and esteemed her the more for it.

At this very juncture Miss Cox, who wished to fix Spencer entirely to herself, commenced an intimacy with Lady Fawthorp, that she might throw herself continually in his way; and finding Sir Edward ready to take notice of all women, especially young, handsome, sprightly ones, thought that a little flirting with *him* might recal the other, whom she did not in the least imagine was so seriously attached to Lady Fawthorp as he really was.

Sir

Sir Edward would not, of himself, have begun to take improper notice of Miss Cox, or of any other woman, being exceedingly well satisfied with his Eudisia; but when he was strongly encouraged by a girl who had not only a great many attractions, but was excessively entertaining by her varied conversation, he fell into the snare she had spread for him, though utterly ignorant of her intentions, and paid the greatest court to her. Spencer beheld his attentions to her without being at all alarmed by them; he beheld them indeed with no small pleasure, as he hoped, by making a proper advantage of Sir Edward's imprudent behaviour, to weaken Lady Fawthorp's affection for him, and to steal into her heart, while he was losing ground in it. —In order to facilitate the execution of his design, he ceased to take those liberties which had been so disgusting to her, studied her humour in every thing, and strove, with the most unwearied assiduity, to render himself not only agreeable but necessary

sary to her.—He had frequent opportunities to play the part which he had undertaken before her; for as Sir Edward, on all their parties, attended only to Miss Cox, Lady Fawthorp was left to *his* care: and he had so many opportunities of observing the sweetness of her temper, her affability, docility, patience, refined sense, and real delicacy, that he actually became desperately enamoured with her:—actually felt the tenderest passion for her:—a passion which extinguished all his loose desires, and made him revere virtue in so amiable a form.—There was also another circumstance which powerfully fanned the flame which she had kindled in his breast.—On her beginning to notice Sir Edward's particular behaviour to Miss Cox, Lady Fawthorp grew melancholy and unhappy: and her uneasy sensations, at last, threw a soft languor over her countenance, which rendered her a thousand times more lovely in the eyes of Spencer, who so truly pitied her heart-felt grief, and so highly admired her

her patience and chearfulness under her disquietude, that he almost adored her.—He exerted, therefore, all his talents to comfort and to amuse her; as cautiously, however, and as secretly as possible, being not a little afraid of Miss Cox's penetrating eyes, to whom Lady Fawthorp behaved in the most obliging manner, though she looked upon her as a rival.

Miss Cox did not at first find out that Spencer was leally in love with Lady Fawthorp; she only believed that he was playing the same game with *her* as *she* was playing with Sir Edward: she was consequently induced to flirt away; she was also drawn on to flirt indiscreetly, though she was resolved to suffer no criminal attachment.—She was, indeed, one of those women—(I am afraid there are too many of them) who think that they may *innocently* grant all favours but the *last*; and who, from a mere giddiness of temper, and want of reflection, render their own characters
strongly

strongly suspected, while, under the notion of doing no harm, they are disturbing the peace of half the families with whom they are acquainted.—Sir Edward himself was too much of this turn; yet no man had better principles—had he once considered that his flirting with Miss Cox would have given his wife so much uneasiness, or thrown her into the way of a man but too ready to avail himself of his folly, he would sooner have died than have troubled himself about her: nor, indeed, with all his thoughtlessness, would he have paid any further attention to her, than what common politeness requires from one sex to the other, had she not embraced every opportunity to attract his eye, and to flatter his vanity.—Sir Edward was young, handsome, and fond of pleasure, and tho' he loved Lady Fawthorp full as much as he did when he first brought her home, a man of less sensibility would have been shaken by the flatteries of so fine a girl as Kitty Cox, who was always in pursuit of

him, and buzzing about him.—In fine, he began, from this violent intimacy, to see charms in her which he never would have observed, or even thought of;—by these charms he was, in a manner; enslaved; and as her carriage was in the highest degree encouraging, they were, in a short time, entirely taken up with each other.—When the cloath was removed after supper, he always drew his chair close to hers, whispered, and trifled with her; and after having played first with several things remaining on the table, he at length began to think her the prettiest play thing in the room.

While he was, one evening handling her hair, which was very fine, untying her necklace, and pulling some flowers out of her bosom, with his usual familiarity, she only cried—“Pshaw, how can you be so filly? upon my life, Sir Edward, I will not bear it.”

This

This speech, as the looks with which it was accompanied were not forbidding, only served to draw him on faster.—Often would he seize her hand, pull off her rings, and put them in his pocket, swearing that she not have them again, unless she would come and feel for them.—To feel for them in his pocket she was ever willing enough, and while she was so employed, thrusting in both her hands, her full bosom was brought so close to him, that no man who was not in a state of petrefaction could have refrained from kissing her—Then she would scream, and run from him; and then, as if quite weary, sink down in the next chair, and laugh most immoderately.

While Sir Edward and Kitty were pretty much engaged in this foolish way, the amiable Lady Fawthorp was agitated beyond expression, though she seemed not to observe the behaviour between them, which pained her to the heart:

Spencer,

Spencer, indefatigable in his endeavours to amuse her, had, however, the mortification to find all his efforts unsuccessful: to all the tender speeches which he addressed to her, he could only obtain unsatisfactory monosyllables—whenever she sighed—and often did she sigh—he also, from admiration and desire, sympathised with her, while his eyes devoured the beauties of her neck, hands, and arms; but the moment he perceived that she became displeased or embarrassed at his gazing on her, his eyes were cast down with a respectfulness which would have touched most women: even the most virtuous may be touched with the appearance and behaviour of a man to whom they would not on any account yield on criminal terms.—Lady Fawthorp was too tenderly attached to Sir Edward, to be pleased with Spencer's attempts to make an impression upon her heart.—She never discovered any satisfaction at his endeavours to entertain her, but when he sung: he had

a melodious voice, and sung like a master; and she received much pleasure from his musical performances, because she had herself a fine taste.—He soon found out *that* taste, by watching the smallest turn of her countenance; and, to ingratiate himself with her as much as possible, when Sir Edward and Miss Cox were in the height of their romps, would frequently come and pull him by the arm to the harpsichord, and desire him to accompany him.—When he was so accompanied, he sung the most pathetic airs he could think of.—Sir Edward seldom refused to comply with him, though he was unwilling to leave playing with Kitty; and Spencer, when he had succeeded, commonly gained a sweet innocent smile from my Lady.—Sir Edward, however, rarely sat long at his music without being interrupted by Miss Cox, or without looking out for *her*, calling to her, and not minding what he was about, or else making a full stop to talk to her while she leant

leant on the back of his chair.—Spencer, during these moments of inattention to the instrument, would appear vexed, and call him a giddy mortal, telling him that he might go where he would, and then begging my Lady to take his place.—Seldom, however, could he gain *that* point.—At other times, when Eudofia took up her work, he would read to her some entertaining author; but if Sir Edward and Miss Cox were present, they commonly whispered to each other, pushed each other from their chairs, or upon the sofa, and then burst out into laughing: and when Eudofia, hurt by this rude and childish behaviour, looked grave and blushed for them, Miss Cox would rise from her seat, run to her, and cry, “My dear Lady Fawthorp, you are so very serious, that one really does not know what to do with you.”

One day, when Sir Edward and Miss Cox had been romping and playing foolishly with each other in the above-mentioned way,

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way, the former seeing Eudofia look extremely grave at them, went up to her and tapping her cheek, said, "My Doffy is always a sweet, thoughtful girl; then, taking Miss Cox in his arms, added, "but here is the prettiest, liveliest thing in the universe."

"Saucy!" replied Miss Cox, breaking from him, and turning to Eudofia—"But indeed, my Lady, your gentle, complying temper, is enough to spoil all the fellows in the world."—

Spencer, who was in the room, with a half-fetched sigh, said, "Sir Edward is but too happy to be spoilt by such an angel."

"Umph!" replied the jealous Kitty, "some men find every woman an angel whom they cannot come at."—

"It is my misfortune, Madam, not my fault," answered Spencer gravely, "that the woman whom I adore is already engaged."

Much in this manner did this *quartetto* spend their time.

Mr.

Mr. Darnly now began to have some faint hopes of recovering; but Mrs. Cranmer's disorder increased to such a degree, that her speedy dissolution was hourly expected: Hebe, and, consequently, Lord Frampton were almost distracted—Mrs. Cranmer, though quite sick of a world in which she had endured so much uneasiness, would have been glad to be released from it, had her dear Hebe been happily settled: but as she was at that time in a hopeless situation with regard to her; as Mr. Cranmer had given her up entirely; and as her own jointure would, at her death, revert to her husband's family, she trembled at the thoughts of her daughter's being left with nothing for her support; and of leaving her under the care of Lord Frampton alone, (though she had a very favourable opinion of him) as she persisted, in consequence of her promise to Darnly, not to marry his Lordship while his rival was single and disengaged.—These afflicting, these tormenting reflections, considerably heightened

ened Mrs. Cranmer's indispositions, and baffled all the arts of her apothecary to remove it.

Lord Frampton, exceedingly concerned for Mrs. Cranmer, and unable to bear his Hebe's tears, who began to be actually out of order from grief, and from watching, insisted upon having his own physician to attend her.

Mrs. Cranmer made the strongest objections to such a proceeding, because she knew that it would be accompanied with a tax which she could not support, and could not think of laying herself under obligations to my Lord; but he, with all the delicacy he was master of, endeavoured to persuade Hebe to accept of a sum for her mother's service, towards the defrayment of her medical and other necessary expences:—It was with great difficulty that he could prevail on her to receive his present; and both she and her mother, from the additional

ditional uneasiness which the acceptance of it had given to their minds, grew worse.—Mrs. Cranmer, however, thought of her good friend Sir James Grey, and sent for him, one day, when my Lord had left her for a few hours. On his coming to her, she intreated him so earnestly to take care of Hebe, in case of her death, that he desired her to make herself quite easy, assuring her that whenever such an event, which he hoped was far distant, happened, he would conduct Miss Cranmer to his daughter, Lady Fawthorp, who would, he knew, be very glad of her company till she was married agreeably to her inclination.—

This friendly assurance tended a little to raise poor Mrs. Cranmer's spirits, though as Hebe began to look extremely pale, to lose her appetite, and unable to take any rest, her disorders were soon brought on again.

While Sir James was delivering himself in so friendly a manner to his good neighbour, his Lady, quite wild at finding that nobody thought proper to fall in love with her *Favourite*, hurried her about to *these* races, and to *that* assembly ;—drest her up, and exhibited her a showy figure at every place of diversion, for a long time, without the wished-for satisfaction.—At last, they met, one evening, on a visit to a gentleman's family in the neighbourhood, a Lord Filmer, who took a great deal of notice of Miss Grey, and made her several elegant compliments :—of that kind, indeed, which men of gallantry liberally bestow upon every fine woman who falls in their way ; but Caroline, who had not heard, since Sir Edward's desertion, a civil syllable from any man, listened seriously to them, strove to make her face as bewitching as possible, by adorning it with smiles, and employed all her art to allure him with her looks.

My

My Lady smirked and simpered, and thrust herself between them; My-lording *him* at almost every second word; while he returned the compliment, by the frequent repetition of your Ladyship.—My Lord, indeed, seeing how foolishly fond both the mother and the daughter were of the few *docteurs* with which he had honoured them, particularly the latter, began to find some diversion in their nonsense; and, in order to heighten it, redoubled his assiduities, which made my Lady so sure he had fallen violently in love with Caroline, that, on her coming home, she bounced out of the coach, ran into the parlour to see Sir James, who was reading a very serious author, and cried, “Prythee, my dear, lay down your book, for I have got something to tell you of the last consequence:—I always said, that nobody could look on my Caroline without being charmed—she has fixed upon a man of quality at last:—a Viscount I assure you;—for I had no rest till I had enquired every individual circum-

stance about his rank :—I am vastly glad *that* ridiculous Sir Edward hadn't her ;— for she will take place even of *me* now :— there is some sense in such an alliance.”

Sir James, who had, for many years, been used to listen to her, without comprehending what she said, as she frequently rattled on in a kind of unintelligible jargon, and who was deeply engaged with a favourite author, did not feel himself disposed to pay a sufficient attention to her loquacity.—However, lifting up his eyes, though unwillingly, from his book, he said to her, with great composure, “ What are you talking about, child ?”

“ Lard, Sir James,” replied my Lady, enraged, “ You are so monstrous dull of apprehension—I say, Miss Grey has been so much admired by my Lord Filmer, and has been so much complimented by him, that I really don't know what may be the consequence :

consequence:—but this I am sure of, it will come to something.”—

Sir James, reflecting upon her raptures at the first meeting with Sir Edward, chuckled within himself to think how she might be taken in again; he almost wished, indeed, to see her so deceived a second time, that she might be punished for her behaviour to Eudofia.

While Sir James was in this state, little thinking how much uneasiness poor Eudofia felt, from the indiscreet behaviour of Sir Edward, my Lady was continually expecting the arrival of Lord Filmer:—and so eager was she to behold his Lordship, that she ran to the window, whenever any body rung at the gate, with a fluttering curiosity.—She also buoyed up her daughter with the hopes of his making her the most animating proposals.—Caroline, however, finding that no proposals came from that quarter, grew quite weary of waiting for them, and actually began to quarrel with my Lady, for putting such nonsense

into her head, telling her, that she was always fancying people were in love with her, and always mistaken.—“Dossy,” continued she, sobbing till she was hardly able to articulate, “had very soon a lover in Sir Edward, and was presently married.”

My Lady being extremely shocked to see her favourite in such distress, begged her to dry her eyes.—“You will spoil your face with crying:—if you will but make yourself tolerably easy, we will take an airing, and call, as if by accident, at Mr. Besbourn’s, where you will have an opportunity of seeing Lord Filmer, as he is there upon a visit.”

“What signifies that,” replied she, with a cross, ill-natured tone, and a lowring look, “what signifies my seeing him? I dare say he won’t trouble himself about me.”—

“Poo, poo, my dear; you mustn’t give yourself up to despair—Come, come, go
and

and dress yourself; put on your last new cap, which shews your hair to so much advantage, and let us see what *that* will do.— I am sure he was vastly taken with you.”

Caroline, thus encouraged by her mother, dressed herself in the highest style, and followed my Lady into the coach.

When they stopped at Mr. Besbourn's, Mrs. Besbourn and Lord Filmer were just returned from a little ramble in the *park*— “Will you *air* with us to day?” said my Lady, calling out to her.

“With all my heart,” replied Mrs. Besbourn; “I will only give some orders:—I leave my Lord with you in the meantime.”

My Lord, stepping into the coach, poured out a number of *nothings*, but they were all received as *somethings*, especially by my Lady, who was, during their little excursion,

curfion, fo full of fpirits, and hinted fo ftrongly how acceptable his affiduities about Caroline were, that he began to imagine fhe was really in earneft.—He looked feveral times at Mrs. Befbourn, fignificantly, to fee if he could gain an *eclairciflement* from her.—Reading no difcouragement in her countenance, he continued his gallantries.—When Mrs. Befbourn was brought home, fhe infifted upon Lady Grey's fpend- ing the day with her, including Mifs Grey in the invitation.—They both chearfully declared their affent, and fhe left them with my Lord, to change her gown.—My Lord, feizing that opportunity, flipped up ftairs after her.—

“A word with you,” cried he—“What the devil do thefe people mean, by giving me fo much encouragement?—the girl is a handsome girl, but the mother makes a mere fool of her.—What would you advife me to do?”

“If

“If you like her, take her,” replied Mrs. Besbourn, laughing,—“Lady Grey has *some* oddities, but they are good *kind* of people upon the whole, and Miss Grey will have a handsome fortune:—there is only another daughter, and they will be co-heiresses to Sir James.”

Lord Filmer, who had but a small estate, began to think, after a little rumination, that he might turn the violent attention which was paid to him to a substantial account; and therefore, not only behaved to Miss Grey as if he admired her prodigiously, but seriously made love to her.—By so behaving, he put her doating mother into such a fuss, that, while she was this moment almost mad with hope, and the next miserable with fear—so eagerly did she wish to see her favourite triumph over her sister, she most ridiculously exposed herself; and, at last, almost asked him to have her daughter.—Where is the man who could have refused, so pushed, a fine woman with

a handsome fortune thrown into his arms ? —My Lord jumped at the offer, and, as Lady Grey made Sir James entirely subscribe to her sentiments with regard to the superiority of honour to fortune, Lord Filmer became Miss Grey's declared lover, from that time :—He declared himself her lover with his lips, but his heart had nothing to do in the affair :—he bowed, and smiled, and grinned to shew his white teeth, whenever his *future* discharged any bright things ; dangled after her wherever she went, and complimented the Lady-mother upon every occasion.

Lady Grey was quite transported at Lord Filmer's carriage to her daughter, and to herself ; and now fully believed, that she should see Caroline married entirely to her satisfaction :—his Lordship's behaviour, indeed, was so exceedingly specious, and Miss Grey, whose bosom never felt the tender passion, appeared to be so contented with him, that matters seemed to be in a very favourable

vourable train.—Lord Filmer, however, was not utterly destitute of sensibility; he was by no means a stoical fellow, but as he had not the least *penchant* for Miss Grey, and as he found he could do his business quite as well as if he really doated on her to distraction, he took no extraordinary pains to recommend himself.—He was tall, well made, and broad-shouldered; he had a tolerable face, an easy address, and was never disconcerted.—Men with such natural and acquired advantages as these, are more attractive in the eyes of the unthinking part of the fair sex, than the Fawthorps and the Framptons, and others of that stamp.—Lord Filmer, it is true, was not a man who had very refined ideas, or very delicate sensations, yet he would have made a decent husband to Miss Grey, if she and her mother had treated him with the decent respect to which every husband has a right.—My Lady, indeed, was in so great a hurry to see my Lord united to her

F 6

daughter,

daughter, lest he should escape as Sir Edward had done, that they were married before they hardly knew each other's disposition.—As to Sir James, though he said he was glad to get Caroline out of the house, he took all prudent precautions with regard to Lord Filmer's character and fortune, and finding that the former was not worse than that of most of the young men of fashion about town, he was satisfied.

During these transactions at the *Park*, Mrs. Cranmer continued in a very poor state of health; and Hebe grew paler and paler with grief and anxiety on her mother's account.—“I am the wretched cause of your illness,” said she, one day to her, weeping—“’tis I who destroy my mother—would to heaven I had never been born!”

“Cease, my dear child” replied the afflicted mother, “cease to reproach yourself for what you can no way help—think no more of *me*, but do every thing in your power

power to restore your own health, far more precious to me than my life."

Hebe not being able to make a verbal answer, left the room to conceal her tears.—

At that moment Lord Frampton arrived.—"My dearest creature," said he, sitting down by her, "why will you thus give way to an unavailing sorrow, which injures your health, and almost deprives me of my reason?—I cannot bear to see you thus increase your disorder, by a grief which preys upon your spirits, and, if encouraged, must be attended with fatal consequences;—consequences of which I cannot think without horror—without distraction.—Darnly is quite out of danger;—you may, therefore, give me your hand, and make us all happy."

"You forget," replied she, with a voice most tenderly softened, you forget that I have solemnly promised never to marry,
while

while Mr. Darnly remains unengaged ;—till he, therefore, releases me from my promise, I cannot be yours :—but, supposing I should be released from it, am I, distressed in this manner about my dear mother, fit to be *your* wife, when I can only bring you an impaired constitution, and a broken heart.”

“ Do not talk, my life, in this melancholy strain, if you would not kill me. —I cannot exist, if I see the amiable girl, on whom I fondly doat, ill and unhappy. —Why cannot we be married ? why cannot we carry Mrs. Cranmer to the south of France ?—the air in that part of the world has been salutary to many :—it may be of service to you both, added to my constant attention, and endeavours to procure you every thing necessary and agreeable.”

“ It must not be, my Lord,” said Hebe :—“ were I free from all engagements, I have too tender a regard for you to suffer you to marry

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marry me, while I am thus preyed upon by sickness and despair."

In vain did Lord Frampton employ his reasoning and his rhetoric ;—he could not prevail on her to infringe the promise which she had made to Darnly, though she could have died to make his Lordship happy : he was obliged, therefore, to submit, though he was grieved beyond expression, to see her pine away her life upon her mother's account.

Lady Fawthorp, whose marriage had not occasioned any diminution of her esteem for Mrs. Cranmer and Hebe, corresponded regularly with them, and really felt, notwithstanding her own uneasinesses, great concern for their indispositions, and for the disagreeable situation of their affairs, which they had, with their usual freedom, communicated to her.—There had ever been, since their acquaintance, an unreserved exchange of sentiments between them ; but

Eudofia, very prudently, concealed her own anxiety from them with the utmost care : nor did she in the letters which passed frequently between her and her father, drop the slightest hint of any alteration in Sir Edward's carriage to her : she even purposely punished herself, by not inviting Sir James to come and stay with them at that time, that he might not discover the change in Sir Edward's behaviour, which gave her so much disquiet.—Not that Sir Edward had really ceased to love his wife ; but he certainly began to entertain a passion for Miss Cox ; and many a man, like himself, had discovered a prepossession for two women at once.—Sir Edward, in fact, felt nothing more for Miss Cox than a wish to be well with her as a woman, though he, probably, would have beheld her person, charming as it was, with an inattention bordering upon indifference, had she not perpetually played it off to the greatest advantage before him.—Lady Fawthorp was, however, a very different
object

object in his eyes: he tenderly loved her, and he also truly esteemed her;—but then she was his wife:—the other from being *uncome-at-able*, and merely from being so, became desirable.

Lady Fawthorp was, in this situation, sufficiently unhappy in her mind; she had also been rather indisposed for some days:—her feelings were quite new to her; but though she guessed the cause of her disorder, her inclination led her to conceal it even from Sir Edward, imagining, and not absurdly, that if she could not keep him from wandering while she was in perfect health, she should hardly be able with a pale complexion, and a languor throughout her whole frame, to attach him to herself alone.—She feared that she had lost his heart entirely, but she never had been more mistaken in her life:—for though Sir Edward was too much engaged with Miss Cox, to attend so minutely to my Lady as to observe every change in her, yet, had he really

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ly believed she was ill, he would have discovered the sincerest tenderness and concern, as Miss Cox had not, for a single moment, deprived his Eudofia of his heart:—Kitty's person, not her mind, was the object which engrossed *his* attention.

Blind, however, as Sir Edward was to what Eudofia so studiously endeavoured to hide, Spencer not only saw the disorder which preyed upon her spirits, but felt for her to a degree beyond expression, and spent every hour in the day in striving to procure her every kind of relief.—Whenever he saw her change colour, he flew to provide a more easy seat for her, or to persuade her to remove to a less close part of the room; ran to open or shut the window, to keep out the sun, or to admit the air, as he thought that the one might be troublesome, and the other necessary.—She said every thing in her power to prevent so distinguishing a behaviour; but the objections she urged to it, had no effect upon him: even Sir Edward, who

who had, sometimes, leisure to take notice of her embarrassment about Spencer's sollicitude, only laughed, and told her, one day, that George made an admirable *ecceisbeo*: adding that she could not be in safer hands.

She blushed, she sighed at his want of penetration, only on her account; not a little wondering too, that he did not observe his friend's improper assiduities about her:—she, therefore, grew more careful to conceal her feelings from Spencer.

One day, happening to be alone with him in the *temple*—Sir Edward was just stepped out of it after Miss Cox—she absolutely fainted away.—Spencer ran to her, caught her in his arms, and supporting her head on his bosom, was tempted to seize a kiss:—he had for some time longed to take such a liberty, but was checked, by the apprehension of not being able to make his peace with her after so bold a freedom.—

Finding

Finding that she remained insensible, he laid his face close to hers, and, pressing her to his bosom, whispered a number of tender speeches, during which her senses began to return, but she had not yet got strength to open her eyes.—Recollecting that Sir Edward was near her when she was taken ill, and not imagining he could possibly avoid flying to her assistance, or that any other man would have dared to take such liberties with her, she felt herself in his supposed arms happier than she had been a great while;—put her face still nearer to his, and heaved a tender sigh.

Spencer having uncovered her neck a little to give her more air, the sight of her swelling bosom, together with her tempting attitude, and the entire surrender of her person to his arms, filled him with such ungovernable transports, that he kissed her several times before she opened her eyes, or was sensible of the deception:—finding, however, that the caresses which she received

ed were unusually violent, she raised her head, at last, and smiled tenderly :—but, at that instant, perceiving her mistake, started from his arms as if they had been contagious ; and hurrying out of the temple, reddening with shame to think of her having been so egregiously duped ; to think that her dear Sir Edward had either been ignorant of her indisposition, or had neglected her at a time when she most wanted his affectionate care.—Her painful sensations upon the occasion were almost insupportable ; and, had not a flood of tears come seasonably to her relief, she would, probably, have fainted away again.

Spencer followed her at a distance, but, after the discovery which she had made, was afraid to approach her.—At last, he thought, that in order to set matters upon a right footing, he had only to confess his faults, and to implore her pardon. He waited, therefore, till she had a little recovered from the flutter into which he had thrown

thrown her; and then, advancing towards her with the most submissive, the most moving air, intreated her to forgive a liberty which he ought not, he was sensible, to have taken:—"But the sight of so many beauties," continued he, "so near me, and the certainty of my being prohibited from the enjoyment of such bewitching charms, made me guilty of freedoms which I knew would not have been permitted by you, when in a condition to oppose them.—However, as I find that I have incensed you so much against me, Madam, I shall be wretched till you condescend to pardon such presumption:—to render you less unwilling to grant my earnest request, I solemnly swear never to be so presumptuous again.—I would not, concluded he, with vehemence, repeat my transgression, were you to be again in my arms, unconscious of your situation, as I cannot bear the thoughts of giving the slightest disquiet to so amiable a woman."

Poor

Poor Lady Fawthorp, who blushed almost to death, while he had been making his apologizing harangue, attempted more than once to rise and leave him before the conclusion of it, and would have certainly quitted him, if he had not, perceiving her intentions, gently, though forcibly, detained her.—

“I only desire you to leave me, Sir,” replied she, “and never to take notice of me again.”

Finding that he could make her say no more to him, he permitted her to depart from him.

Charmed with the delicacy of Lady Fawthorp's whole carriage, Spencer was even sorry that he had gone so far, and strove, by the most submissive and respectful behaviour, to regain her favour; but she shunned him as much as possible.

Sir

Sir Edward, not having the least idea of what had past, took notice, one day, of her extreme coolness to Spencer, and chid her more than he had yet done, for being so indifferent to the man whom he called his friend :—to compleat her vexation, he joined Miss Cox, who ran out into encomiums upon Spencer, declaring that she shewed the justness of her taste, as no woman, of the least discernment, could fail to allow him to be a delightful companion.

This speech, with the flattering attentions which he paid to Kitty at the time, so affected Eudisia, that she left the room, and retired to a private walk in the garden, in which she might unobserved, she thought, give a vent to her tears.

Spencer was not present at this last conversation, in which he had been so favourably mentioned; but he came soon afterwards into the room :—not finding Lady Fawthorp there, he flew into the garden, in
hopes

hopes of obtaining her forgiveness.— Shocked to see her deeply distressed, he exclaimed, “Good God! how can any man make such a lovely creature weep thus!”

“How do you know, that a *man* has occasioned my tears,” replied she, making a violent effort to recover herself, “do men produce all the sorrow in the world?”

“I wish you had no reason to grieve, my Lady,” said he, “or that I could remove your disquietude for ever, from whatever cause it has sprung:—there is not a man existing, who wishes you more happiness than I do.”

She made him no reply, but rose and left him directly; yet, though she was reserved and distant to Spencer when she was in private with him, she treated him, before Sir Edward, with consideration and complacency.—As to Spencer, already charmed as he was to an extravagant degree, having increased his passion for her,

by supporting her in his arms, and repeatedly caressing her, he knew no rest :—he longed perpetually to be near her ;—yet, so fearful was he of committing any new offence, that he actually trembled whenever he approached her.—She saw, but did not seem to perceive, what was visible to every body who had eyes.—Miss Cox observed Spencer's emotions with jealousy and envy, but Sir Edward was too much engaged with *her*, to observe them.—She saw also, that her flirting with Sir Edward had not the least effect upon Spencer, and that it might be injurious to herself :—she began, indeed, to think that she had carried the jest too far ;—not that she had the smallest dislike to Sir Edward, but, as he was married, she very prudently believed she should do herself no good, by suffering him to be so particular to her :—she found, in short, that the advances of a handsome young fellow made a stronger impression upon her than she expected :—she looked upon him, therefore, as a dangerous man ;—doubly so,

so, as he was thoroughly an agreeable one. —She had a heart very susceptible of the tender passion, but had never met with a proper object to excite her tenderness; as her indiscreet carriage to the men had excluded her from the advantages which she would have reaped from many good offers. —Reflections upon her frequent disappointments became at length so painful, that she resolved, though she could not charge herself with any criminal behaviour, to make a total alteration in her conduct. —Pleased as she was with Sir Edward's *douceurs*, because she had a violent prepossession for the man, she determined to make a spirited effort to conquer a growing inclination, the indulgence of which might be attended with consequences to be dreaded.

Sir Edward, having trifled himself out of all patience, and having, by toying continually with a fine girl, kindled a passion in his breast, which he would not, perhaps, have felt, if she had not come in his way,

found his desires grow too strong to be restrained within the bounds of discretion.—He seized every opportunity to snatch a few kisses, and was, one day, proceeding to still greater liberties in the garden, which, from the success he had met with in his preliminary attacks, he thought would be readily admitted, when, springing from his arms with an unexpected velocity, she cried, with a voice and countenance plainly discovering her to be in earnest, “Stand off, Sir—what do you see in *me*, to encourage such insolence?”

Sir Edward was, at first, almost stunned, by this unlooked-for behaviour;—but, recollecting the many freedoms she had suffered him to take with her, even to that very moment, he began to recover himself.—Seizing her again, he replied, “What pretty affectation is this? do you coy it, on purpose to render yourself more inviting? believe me, charming Kitty, you are sufficiently attractive.”

“I

"I don't understand you, Sir," answered she, a second time disengaging herself from his grasp.—"If you suppose, that, because I have laughed and chatted with you, and even sometimes suffered you to romp with me, I ever intended any thing more than a little diversion, you must be the greatest of all coxcombs.—No, Sir; I know too well what is due to my own character, and owe too much to Lady Fawthorp, to permit Sir Edward, of all the men in the world, to imagine I ever gave him any encouragement, but to have the pleasure of laughing at his egregious vanity, and excessive credulity.—But, though I have too great a regard for myself, and too much indifference for *you*, Sir, ever to let you even attempt to injure my reputation, I would advise you to take care of your friend Spencer and my Lady, lest, while you are endeavouring to seduce other women, your own wife may be injured, in the same shape, by a false friend."

As soon as she had uttered these words, she flew from him, and left him more astonished than he was before:—he was considerably disappointed, and his vanity was very much hurt by her spirited behaviour.—Her concluding hint, however, about my Lady, touched him to the quick;—it opened his eyes at once;—he seemed to wake as if out of a dream:—after having remained for some minutes buried in thought, he said to himself, “What have I been doing all this while?”—He saw clearly that he had not only made himself very ridiculous to Miss Cox, but that he had, by leaving his Eudofia, to pursue *that* young lady, exposed her to the seducing arts of a man, formed by nature to be dangerous to the sex.—“I have not only left her to herself, I have absolutely thrown her into Spencer’s way, who is, I well know, extravagantly fond of women.”

It was a long time before he could recover from the shock which he felt, on being
conscious

conscious of having acted with so much indiscretion ;—nor could he immediately tell how to rectify the gross mistakes he had committed.—He had, of late, been so much attached to Miss Cox, that he had totally disregarded my Lady, and taken not the least notice of *her* behaviour to Spencer, or of *his* to her. He could only remember, that his wife had been less chearful than usual, and that Spencer was always near her :—he, therefore, hastily concluded, that she had not been able to refuse the solicitations of so insinuating a man ; and that he had at once lost a very agreeable mistress, and a most deserving wife, whom he had thrown into the most perilous situation.—Reflections of this kind weighed down his spirits in such a manner, that he had not power to stir from the spot for a considerable time.—At last, walking slowly towards the house, quite oppressed with what had just past, he thought he heard Spencer's voice on the other side of the hedge, in a plaintive key.—Looking thro'

an opening, accidentally made, he saw Lady Fawthorp sitting on a bench, with her eyes full of tears, and, with her extended hand, endeavouring to make Spencer rise, who was kneeling at her feet.—“Why will you drive from you,” cried he, “the man who most sincerely adores you; who is your unalterable friend; who has told you how cruelly you are imposed upon by Sir Edward; as he leaves you, leaves every thing lovely, every thing desirable in woman, for a flirting girl, with not one of your bewitching attractions!—Be persuaded only; listen to *me*—You have, I am sure you have observed his attachment to Kitty Cox; and can you still love a man who is so entirely negligent of you?”

“Say no more, Sir,” replied Lady Fawthorp, with emotions which almost deprived her of the power of expressing herself.—“say no more against a man to whom I am bound, by the strictest of all ties, and to whom I am still more attached by love, than

than duty :—a man who is superior to *your* little depreciating arts ;—a man on whom I doat, whom I adore, and who returns my affection with the sincerest, the most engaging tenderness.—But, were he all you would make him, and worse, nothing could lessen my love for him, nothing could shake my fidelity :—were it possible for my *love* to decrease, my firm regard for virtue would preserve me from the insolent attempts of every other man, especially from the affronting attacks of *him*, whom I shall never, for the future, behold, not even think of, without the highest detestation.—Leave me, therefore, Sir, leave me immediately, or you will lay me under a necessity of informing Sir Edward of your behaviour, and, by so doing, unspeakably distress me.”

Here the terrors with which she was agitated, lest Sir Edward should be endangered by such a discovery, almost deprived her of life.—Her voice faltered ; she was ready to sink under her distracting apprehensions,

hensions, and she would certainly have fainted, had not a shower of tears relieved her bursting heart.—These tears melted Spencer to such a degree, that he again threw himself at her feet, and, seizing her hand, which she, struggling, endeavoured to withdraw from him, said, “O stop those affecting tears!—to have occasioned them, almost makes me mad—If you will not promise to pardon me this time, you will absolutely drive me to despair.—Speak to me, Lady Fawthorp,—only say, that you will forgive me by and by, if you cannot bring yourself to pardon me just now.”

“I will only say,” replied she, quite frightened at the violent agitation which he discovered, “that I insist upon your leaving me directly,—on your never seeing me,—on your never thinking of me again.”

“I cannot promise,” said he, “that I will not think of you again, because I can never

never think of any thing else ; but I will leave you, since you so earnestly desire my absence : I cannot, however, see you so distressed, without being deeply affected ; I cannot bear these tears—they pierce my very soul.”

“ Leave me, Sir,” cried she, still more earnestly :—“ rise, I beseech you, and go—I only desire your departure,” added she, covering her face with her handkerchief.

“ I *will* go, since you insist upon my tearing myself from you ;—but I leave you with the most cutting concern, because I shall leave you in the power of a man, who does not, though you love him, merit your affection.”

With these words, he rose, and walked slowly from her ; but, several times stopping, looked back, and sighed.

As soon as he was out of sight, Sir Edward, who was both charmed with his Eudofia's behaviour, and ashamed of his own, immediately came forward, and, looking at her with eyes in which every emotion of his heart was strongly painted, cried, "I am not worthy of you, indeed, my Eudofia; but if you can, to the many virtues you possess, add charity in favour of a man, who has been so undeserving of the invaluable treasure he enjoyed in *you*——"

Here he ceased to speak, and sunk down at her feet, quite overpowered by the different passions which shook his whole frame.

Transported with his returning love, Eudofia, throwing her arms round his neck, replied, "What means my dear Sir Edward? he is, and must be, ever dear to his Eudofia."

"Lovely, excellent creature!" said he, rising, and embracing her, "I know all,
I have

I have heard every thing, and hate myself, for having exposed you to the attempts of a villain :—but he shall severely repent——”

“ O talk not of *him*, my dear, dear Sir Edward,” cried the frightened Lady Fawthorp, throwing herself on her knees, “ for heaven’s sake, do not let me be the cause of a quarrel between you :—better a thousand times I had died.”—

Terrified to think of what might happen, from his having overheard all that had passed between her and Spencer, she fell into a fainting fit on the ground, before he could save her.

He flung himself down by her, raised her gently in his arms, laid her head on his bosom, and, with the tenderest caresses, soon restored her to life ; but he was terribly alarmed, lest she should be too deeply affected by her fears.—When she was recovered, he swore, that if he should, by re-
senting

senting Spencer's behaviour, give her any uneasiness, he would take no notice of it :— he would only insist upon his quitting his house directly.—She could not, however, reflect upon *that* procedure, without terrifying apprehensions; though he repeatedly assured her, that he would not come to a rupture with him.—He then confessed every part of his foolish conduct, with regard to Miss Cox, and had even sincerity enough to own, that he was very properly served for his folly;—assuring her, that he would endeavour to atone for it, by the tenderest affection for her :—his affection for her, indeed, had never been lessened;—he loved *her* very tenderly, in the midst of all his flirting with Miss Cox.

The transports which Eudofia now felt, after the despair into which she had for some time been plunged, were truly inexpressible, and hardly to be endured :—her emotions were so violent, that his anxiety about her safety, made him wish to have her
return

THE FAVOURITE.

return to the house, to take something to revive her ; to lie down, and keep herself quiet.—With these desires, she, after a little hesitation, consented, as she dreaded Sir Edward's meeting with Spencer.

Spencer, the moment he quitted Eudofia in the garden, intended to set off for London, as soon as he had spoke with Sir Edward, on whom he wished to prevail, out of regard for Lady Fawthorp, to give up Kitty Cox for ever, not in the least imagining, that he had overheard his conversation with Lady Fawthorp :—but he was soon made sensible of his being acquainted with it, by his desiring him to leave the house, as he could not, after his behaviour to my Lady, stay there with any propriety or safety.

“As to my safety,” replied he, somewhat fiercely, I am not alarmed at Sir Edward Fawthorp's threats ; neither shall I pay the least attention to them :—but I shall leave
his

his house, entirely from the sincerest consideration of my Lady, whose peace and felicity are dearer to me than my own.—Yet though *you*, Sir, may not look upon things in the light I do, because you are, probably, ignorant of the virtues of your excellent wife, if you have the slightest regard for your own happiness, as well as hers, you will no longer pursue a fantastic, insignificant girl, who is not worthy of being thought of, not to be named at the same time with that angel, Lady Fawthorp.—Let me only intreat you to consider thoroughly, what you are about—By pursuing your amour any farther, you will infinitely distress the lovely woman who adores you, who prefers you to every man:—prefers *you*, undeserving as you are, to a man who knows her inestimable value, and who would die to make her happy.—You have already made her sick, by your neglect, and you will certainly, by persisting in your folly with that idle girl, kill her. If you have fortitude enough to

bear the shock of such an event, I have not; I will, therefore, see her no more."

With these words, he flung from Sir Edward, and, calling for his servant, left the place directly.

He was no sooner gone, than Sir Edward, who could not tell whether he hated himself, or loved my Lady most, flew to her, with a heart agitated with a thousand different passions.—"Can I bear to know, that Spencer should even pretend to love her better than I do? nay to be certain of it, as I have, by my folly and neglect, injured her health; and as he, from a sincere affection for her, has endeavoured to persuade me to quit an insolent creature, who only flirted with me, to make *her* uneasy, and to laugh at us both."—

These reflections almost drove him to distraction; for he had really been so engaged with Kitty, that he had not once taken notice of Eudofia's pale and altered looks.

He

He found her not less moved than himself.—She appeared to be extremely cheerful, and full of tenderness, but she was full also of apprehensions concerning Spencer.—When she, therefore, saw Sir Edward enter the room in haste, and looked fluttered, her heart throbbed with fear, lest any difference had happened between them:—she was the more alarmed, as he appeared disquieted:—disquieted he certainly was on her account, as he trembled for her life.—“My dearest creature,” said he, taking her hand, and pressing it, “why did you conceal your illness from me; from me, who, negligent as I have seemed to be, would meet death without shrinking, to preserve you from pain and uneasiness of any kind.—Did you know my Dossy, what I now feel for you, and how I detest myself, your heavenly temper would, I am sure, induce you strongly to pardon me.—But what will your pardon avail me,” continued he, with a plaintive voice, “if my folly has already touched you so deeply as to affect

affect your health?—If I should lose you—
h—ns!—I should run distracted.”

“ My dear Sir Edward,” replied she, with a satisfaction which sparkled in her eyes, “ Why do you thus accuse yourself?—Though I was sometimes afraid, from a consciousness of my own want of beauty, that Miss Cox would deprive me of your heart, I believe; and am pretty sure,” added she, blushing, “ that my disorder proceeds from another cause;—a cause which I should not have courage to mention, did I not wish to remove the least shadow of disquiet from you.”

Lady Fawthorp’s confusion increased, while she spoke; and while Sir Edward eagerly surveyed her—Catching her in his arms, and hiding her blushes in his bosom, “ What a wretch have I been,” cried he, “ to be so totally regardless of you, as to overlook a circumstance which, if it occasions no fatigue to my Eudisia, will give
me

me the greatest happiness:—but my dear, dear girl, you must promise me to take the utmost care of yourself, and to let me study nothing, but what will tend to procure you the greatest ease and comfort:—nor must my sweet angel think herself inferior, in personal charms, to that flirt, who, from vanity and envy, has endeavoured to set us at variance.—Were you not so agreeable as you are, my amiable Dossy, your charming delicacy, gentleness, and patience, place you far above the majority of your sex.”

Lady Fawthorp, now quite happy in her husband's love, generously spoke in favour of her late rival; but Sir Edward begged her to desist, as he declared that he could not think of her, without horror.—“What mischief might she not have occasioned, by her eagerness to engage my attention!—while I was trifling away my time with her, *you*, my Dossy, might have fallen a sacrifice to Spencer, whom few women are able to resist; and you, with
your

your youth and inexperience, would have been in a situation particularly dangerous."

From that moment, Sir Edward grew more and more fond of his wife, and his anxiety about her health and safety increased to such a degree, that he extremely lamented Lady Grey's continued attachment to her eldest daughter, because that injurious partiality deprived his dear Eudofia of her care and advice, at a juncture when he thought she might most stand in need of them. His fears, indeed, became so violent, that he pressed Eudofia to make a visit to Mrs. Cranmer, who would be friendly enough, he firmly believed, to give her some salutary admonition; assuring her, that she could reach the cottage with great ease, and breakfast with Mrs. Cranmer, by setting out early.—“We will dine,” added he, “at a house in the neighbourhood, at which Sir James will undoubtedly meet me, on being acquainted with our motions.

—Perhaps

—Perhaps we may prevail on him, to go home with us in the evening.”

Lady Fawthorp was extremely pleased with the scheme, which her dear Sir Edward had planned, on purpose to make her happy.—

After a pleasant ride, they arrived at Mrs. Cranmer's.—Eudofia was not in the least fatigued, as Sir Edward had taken every step he could think of, to make this little expedition both easy and agreeable to her.—She was welcomed by Mrs. Cranmer, still in a bad state of health, with a flood of tears.—“Hebe, my dear Hebe, my child, Lady Fawthorp,” said she, “is in a decline, I am very sure.—The obstructions to the completion of her happiness with Lord Frampton, added to *my* illness, have preyed upon her spirits, and thrown her into a slow fever, which will, I fear, prove fatal.”—She could not say any more, nor could her young friend make any reply to her; for

Miss

Miss Cranmer, hearing of their arrival, came in, greatly altered, but very lovely, in spite of her illness;—and ran to welcome her dear Eudofia.

While these two young ladies were exchanging the genuine effusions of their hearts, on seeing each other again, after so long an absence, Sir Edward intreated Mrs. Cranmer to be a mother to his Eudofia;—she readily consented to his request, insisting, however, at the same time, on his not leaving her *that* day.—She then sent to Sir James, who arrived soon afterwards, and flew into his beloved daughter's arms.—They both expressed the highest joy at their meeting.—Sir James, as soon he had embraced his Eudofia, thanked Sir Edward for the unexpected pleasure he had given him; and declared, that the sight of his dear Dossy, happily united to such a man, made him ample amends for all the vexations he had ever endured, and was still like

like to endure, from the folly of his wife, and her *Favourite*.

“Indeed, Sir,” replied Sir Edward, “I have by no means deserved the good opinion you entertain of me;—I have been guilty of the most unpardonable of all follies, and I don’t know whether I ought not to say, that I have acted a criminal——”

“Hush, my dear Sir Edward,” said my lady, interrupting him, “why will you find fault with yourself, when nobody else can see that you have an imperfection?”

“Go, you are too partial to me,” replied he, smiling tenderly on her, and pressing her hand—“do you know, Sir,” continued he to Sir James, “that this dear angel, tho’ she found me acting in the most ridiculous manner, appeared quite ignorant of my folly, and never mentioned it to a single creature.”

“She

"She proved her discretion by so doing," said Sir James, "and has doubly endeared herself to you, I dare say, by her prudence; I only wish that Caroline was as wife."—

"I hope she is quite satisfied *now*," replied Sir Edward, "as she is married?"

"Not at all, she is, I will venture to affirm, more discontented than she was when you left her; though really, to do the girl justice, I do not believe she would be altogether so bad, if her mother did not set her on.—It would certainly be happier for us all if she was removed."

"Bless me, Sir!" cried Sir Edward.—

"I mean from home," answered Sir James, smiling, "but my wife is so attached to her favourite, that she protested, she could not think of parting with her; she has, therefore, insisted upon my Lord's staying with us, till he intends to go to

London for the winter :—now, I believe, this pressing invitation was mighty convenient ; he did as good as say so, by owning that his house in Cheshire was an old one, and exceedingly out of repair ;—and, I fancy, his Lordship's purse is not in a very flourishing condition, or he would never stay, to be baited from morning to night, by a couple of females :—however, I am benefited by his residence with us ; for it draws my wife's attention from me, and possibly it may be of some service in the end, for I really don't think my Lord will be long passive, under the treatment which he meets with :—he begins to fire already at the girl, and she flashes at him again ; in short, there is the devil to pay between them :—for my part, I never interpose, but when my wife, provoked at my silence—(as I generally take up a book, and sit down to read in the back parlour)—cries, “ What do you mean, Sir James, by being glewed to your chair, and taking no notice of my Lord's behaviour to your daughter ? ”

daughter?"—To a speech of this kind, t'other day, I replied, "Why you know, child, Lords will do as they please; and, therefore, as you chose to ennoble your family by such a considerable alliance, you must take what follows."—Thus you see, Sir Edward, I remember your advice, and keep up my spirits; but we really have so many scenes of altercation, that I imagine something very spirited will happen in a short time."

Sir James's account of the state of affairs at home, diverted them all; even Lord Frampton, though inexpressibly anxious about his Hebe's health, could not forbear smiling.

Sir Edward and Lady Fawthorp would fain have persuaded Mrs. Cranmer, Miss Cranmer, and my Lord, to become their guests, urging the necessity of a change of air, in favour of which they produced several striking instances; but they could not,

at that time, prevail on them to comply with their intreaties.—Sir Edward, however, would take no denial from Sir James, because he thought that *his* company would be highly agreeable to his Eudofia.—

Sir James hesitated a little—"I must consult my lady :—she will never forgive my leaving her so abruptly—I will go home first, therefore, and acquaint her with my intentions."

"I am afraid, then, you will not come back at all, Sir."

Sir Edward was mistaken ; for Sir James returned in a very little while, and went home in the evening, with Sir Edward and his daughter.

The family-picture which Sir James had drawn, was not an extravagant one : during the first week after their marriage, things went on pretty well between Lord and
Lady

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Lady Filmer; but the latter, though extremely flattered by my Lord's *douceurs*, was only happy (as love never had made any impression upon her heart) when she was making every body who approached her, sensible of the consequence which she derived, she thought, from her rank.—Her elevation made her a thousand times more haughty, and less supportable, than she was before.—My Lord, who had never felt any tenderness for her, and who rather married her from convenient motives, became, at the expiration of the first week, indifferent about her:—he never, perhaps, would have used her ill, or have totally neglected her, if she had treated him with tolerable good humour, and good manners; but as he soon found, that she was deficient in both, aversion succeeded to a coolness, which might have given way to the most ardent love, if *she*, like Lady Fawthrop, had been acquainted with the art of recalling a wanderer, and fixing him to herself.—But Caroline was quite of another disposi-

tion: yet even *she* would have behaved better, in all probability, impatient as she was of the slightest neglect, had not her mother interfered between her and my Lord, and made every thing much worse than it would have been.—It is in the highest degree indiscreet, to interpose between married people; you must certainly see, that one of them is in the wrong, probably both; and the weight of your opinion to either side, instead of healing matters, only serves to inflame them: each of the irritated pair has generally too much pride to make any concessions; and a third person has a most unwelcome office, who undertakes to compose the feuds between them.—It is somewhat cruel too, as well as indiscreet, to be a third person upon such occasions: you are not only liable to find out more disagreeable qualities than you thought them possess'd of, but to induce them to make very improper discoveries, when thoroughly heated by each other's poignant replies.—Those, therefore, who
live

live with, or are often in company with married people, ought to be particularly upon their guard, and take care not to drop a syllable which may tend to increase the ferments which they wish to allay.

It was by the indiscretion of her carriage, as an interposing third person, that Lady Grey widened the breach between Lord and Lady Filmer. She was so foolishly fond of her daughter, that she not only indulged her in all her ridiculous whims, but encouraged her, to oppose her husband upon every occasion; and, indeed, stimulated her to take offence at things which no other person would have regarded: always looking upon her daughter as a *beauty*, she was never easy, but when my lord admired her person: when he happened not to mind her, as the fondest husband cannot always be fixing an impassioned eye on his wife, she would say to him, “Only see, my Lord, how sweetly my lady is dressed to day!—does not that silk become her

H 4

vastly?

vastly? she was always monstrously genteel."

At first, he only assented with a smile, when so addressed, at her Ladyship's phraseology; but, when she repeated her impertinencies, he grew tired, and said nothing.—One day, being provoked to break silence, he rose up, and cried, "*pshaw!*" with the most peevish accent imaginable.

"What does he say, my dear," said Lady Grey, "doesn't he like you?—Nay then," added she, "if he is not quite charmed with you to-day, he discovers a deplorable want of taste, indeed: but men are strange creatures; never long in the same humour; they love to change, though ever so much for the worse."

This speech, delivered with a fretful tone, drove my Lord into the garden, to which he went, whistling, as much to hinder

der

der himself from making a sharp reply, as to put her ladyship out of his head.

No sooner was his back turned, than Lady Grey cried, "Very genteel behaviour, indeed ! mighty like a man of fashion ! I don't understand it at all ; I shan't be treated with such contempt, I assure you.— The man who uses his wife's mother slightly, will soon come to use his wife herself so ; and, indeed, I don't think he is so fond of you as he was, my dear."

"No," replied Lady Filmer, pertly, "he has his humours, though I did not take notice of any change in him, till you mentioned it, Madam : and now I begin to recollect fifty things ; but I shall be even with him, if he is so cross to me ; I can be as ill tempered as he is, for the life of him."

"Ay, my dear, you are in the right," replied Lady Grey ;—"if I was in your place—he should never break *my* spirit."

“There is no fear of that, Madam.—I shall take an infinite deal of pleasure in vexing him—Nothing can be more delightful.”

“’Tis not a little matter will vex him, I dare swear,” cried Lady Grey, “for he seems to be mighty well satisfied with himself.”

“Oh! never fear, Madam—I know what will do it, I am pretty sure;—and, after all, if my scheme should not take, I will be extremely civil to some fellow or other, to whom he has a particular aversion, and make him as jealous as the devil: for, though he may not care a pin for me, he will be quite mad to see a man, whom he looks upon as nobody, preferred to *him*.”

Upon the disclosure of this notable scheme, my lady burst into a laugh, at her daughter’s wit, and said, “Ay, do, my dear,

dear, I'll answer for it, you know very well how to manage him."

Just at that moment, as if to punish her for her folly, a Mr. Frisk came in; a young fellow who had lately taken lodgings in the neighbourhood, for the summer, and who had occasionally met Sir James and the ladies at a visit.—Sir James, being an hospitable man, had invited him to his house, and he being not at all a shy character, accepted of his invitation: by so doing, he necessarily became acquainted with Lady Filmer, who, from his first acquaintance with her, had treated him with great indifference, rather contempt, as a creature, indeed, totally beneath her attention: but she now, roused by my Lord's neglect, vowed revenge, and began to take much notice of Mr. Frisk, who was so elated with the immense honour she did him, that he felt himself altogether of consequence:—having, therefore, been put into high humour with *himself*, he very soon perceived

a thousand beauties in *her*, a discovery which she had very much wanted to produce.

“How charmingly your Ladyship looks this evening!” cried the coxcomb:—“let me perish, if ever any thing was more elegantly fancied, than your ladyship’s dress.”

Both mother and daughter burst into violent fits of laughing.

Staring, with astonishment, he exclaimed, “Upon my soul, ladies, I can’t possibly divine what you laugh at; but I solemnly swear, I was never more serious, than when I declared, that lady Filmer was dressed *au dernier goût*, and with an elegance peculiar to herself.

“I am glad you think so, Frisk,” said Lady Grey, smiling on her daughter; “men differ extremely in their opinions of women, I find.”

“I differ

“ I differ exceedingly from your Ladyship there ; for I am sure the whole sex will agree with me, in allowing Lady Filmer to be a lovely woman.”

A second shout, louder than the first, from them both, almost disconcerted the lively, but empty gentleman.

Lord Filmer, at that instant, returned from the garden, carelessly whistling.—

Hearing such violent peals of laughter, when he entered the room, “ You are all mighty merry, good people,” said he, “ may one hope for a share in your diversion ?”

“ I can’t tell whether that will be quite agreeable or not,” replied Lady Filmer, “ for we were laughing at *you*.”

“ At *me* ? and pray in what shape have I contributed to your mirth, as I have not been once among you ?”

“ If you *bad* been here,” said Lady Filmer, “ perhaps we might not have laughed at all.”

“ True,”

“ True, Madam,” said Frisk, “ a husband is a prodigious damper, indeed.”

“ Coxcomb !” cried my Lord, with the most contemptuous tone.

“ Nay, my Lord,” said Lady Filmer, “ don’t despise him, he is capable of making a wiser man than your Lordship uneasy.”

“ Who ? that fool ?” replied he, with a sneer,—“ not with your Ladyship, believe me.”

This indifference stung her to the quick, and she pouted, till Frisk, beginning to fancy that she really admired him, flattered her into a good humour again, and made her feel a kind of aversion to my Lord.

Lord Filmer, by this time, discovered, that his lady was far from being of a complying temper :—at first, he did not seem to mind her, when she was out of humour, if her fretfulness did not interfere with his particular pleasure : and, whenever she op-
posed

posed him, and frequent was her opposition; he commonly told her, that he should do as he thought proper, and left her to herself, to make the best of his reply.—On being so left, she always flew into a violent passion, ran to complain to her mother, while he hurried out of the house to avoid the storm, well knowing, that Lady Grey would not fail to exert her voice on her daughter's side of the question.—Wearied, however, with repeated provocations of this kind, resentment took possession of him, and he determined, notwithstanding the convenience of his situation at the *Park*, to remove her from a mother, by whose improper fondness the greatest part of her failings was occasioned.

The autumn was now hastening to make way for winter, and many people were come to town.—Lord Filmer, therefore, told Caroline, that he should think of going to London, and desired her to prepare herself to accompany him.

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"I shall not go, indeed," replied she, "if I don't like it, for I did not marry you to be treated like a baby."

He told her, that it was both necessary and agreeable to him to be in London, and that he did not marry her to live by himself.

"No man so proper," said she, hastily :—"you love your own way so well, that you cannot reasonably expect any woman to comply with it."

By these, and many other similar expressions, thrown out in the bitterness of her heart, she discovered her determination to give him all the uneasiness in her power.—But she was quite mistaken in her man :—he was not of a disposition to give himself the slightest concern about a woman, whom he had never loved with any passion : yet he resolved, out of regard to his own character, to keep her from exposing herself, if possible ;—but that was no easy task.

Frisk,

Frisk, who still continued in the neighbourhood, and still dangled after Lady Filmer, was invited, both by her and her mother, to all their parties.—Lord Filmer, though not jealous from being in love, began to think his honour affronted.—The extreme contempt which he had for the *man*, kept him, indeed, from resenting his carriage to my lady, as he was not willing to believe, that it was in the power of such an insignificant fellow to hurt him: but, while he was despising him, he made a very considerable progress in Lady Filmer's favour.

Mr. Frisk was young, and not ill made.—Destitute of that delicate sensibility which makes love so delightful a sensation, he had, however, his grosser senses in tolerable perfection, and could see that my lady was a very fine woman, and well worth his pursuit.—Encouraged by her behaviour to him, he resolved to pursue her.—He received also many civilities from Lady Grey, who ought, particularly, to have discountenanced

nanced a man, impertinently assiduous about her daughter, as she was married, that he really imagined she approved of his gallantry to Lady Filmer.—Lady Grey was actually indiscreet, to the highest degree, in this affair:—for, as it was her very improper behaviour to her daughter, from her foolish partiality, which recommended him to her, she not only, by winks, nods, and smiles, encouraged his attentions, but gave them numberless opportunities of being together, which they could not otherwise have had.—She did not often, indeed, leave them by themselves, because she could not deny herself the pleasure of seeing her daughter admired, and hearing her complimented upon her beauty; they were, consequently, perpetually together.

Lord Filmer having often excluded himself from their parties, by more agreeable pursuits, they now, of themselves, shut him out.—For some time he had no apprehension of any mischief, not thinking it possible

sible for a mother to sit by, and see her daughter receive addresses from a man, which must, in the end, make her infamous:—but he did not consider, that her fondness for *that* daughter, rendered her absolutely unable to foresee the ill consequences which would probably arise from it.

My Lord, however, before he viewed things in the light they really were, again insisted upon Caroline's going to town with him.

She positively refused, declaring, that she would on no account leave her mother, who as peremptorily asserted, that she could not do without *her*.

My Lord was, at first, exceedingly angry; but, finding that his Lady's fury rose in proportion to his own, and that she was supported by her mother, began to imagine, that it would be better to yield a little for the present, in order to carry it with a higher hand afterwards.

While

While these altercations were going on in Sir James's family, Miss Cranmer declined apace.—Her doating mother's affliction was almost insupportable; and Lord Frampton could hardly bear the grief which he felt on so melancholy an occasion.—Mrs. Cranmer, who had never been in the way Hebe was, had just recovered from her illness, only to relapse into it, by seeing her daughter grow hourly worse and worse.—As to Lord Frampton, he wearied heaven with his prayers, and spent every minute in the day, in trying to find out remedies for her disorder.

Mr. Darnly, though pronounced by his surgeons out of danger, was still in a lingering condition, and gave them no hopes that his recovery would be speedy.

Miss Cox, who had occasioned so much uneasiness to Lady Fawthorp, returned home to her father, soon after Sir Edward was convinced that he had been duped by
her,

her, who lived very near Lord Haverford; and, at his Lordship's request, brought his daughter with him sometimes, to spend a day:—as my Lord hoped, that the conversation of so fine a girl might amuse his son, and help to restore him.

Miss Cox had, since her leaving Hampshire, made many reflections upon her indiscreet conduct, and, by scrutinizing nicely into it, appeared to herself in a criminal light, as she had, undoubtedly, given considerable pain to a most amiable woman, and alienated, she believed, the affections of her husband from her.—“I have injured an amiable woman, and I have injured my own character:—I may never, perhaps, after so wrong a carriage, be married at all:—I have certainly lost the man, whom I wished to fix, by my folly:—I am, therefore, resolved to behave in quite a new, and less exceptionable manner.”

Miss Cox was extremely glad that she had been able to resist Sir Edward's vigorous

gorous attacks, which she had, she was now sensible, brought upon herself; and she determined, at all events, to make a thorough change in her behaviour, that she might at least *deserve* to be settled agreeably to her taste in life.—She went, however, soon after her return home, to visit Lady Filmer, who had been married during her absence.

“Well, my dear Miss Cox,” said Caroline, “have you succeeded? have you made Dossy uneasy?”

“I have made nobody uneasy, my Lady, but myself,” replied she, gravely, “by my folly:—but it is all over:—I see plainly, that flirting with one man, is not the way to recal another.—”

“And so, because you have failed in your attempt,” replied Lady Filmer, “and are returned in despair, the scheme is a bad one;—but I am of a different opinion:—yet, I hope, you have heartily vexed Dossy, though you could not serve yourself.”

“And

“And I hope I have *not*;—for Dossy, as you call her, is one of the most agreeable and discreet women in the world;—happy in herself, happy in her husband, she is deservedly admired by every body;—Spencer quite adores her;—but, were you to see how very properly she behaves to him, you would be charmed with her——”

“Hold—say no more,” cried Lady Filmer, clapping her hand on her mouth, “did I wish to see you, do you think, to hear you praise *the* woman in the world, for whom I have the least affection, yet whom I, perhaps, envy more than any of my sex.”

“Envy your sister!” replied Kitty, “whom you ought to esteem beyond all women, for whom you ought to feel the sincerest regard?”

“Talk no more of her, for God’s sake, Kitty, unless you expect to see me absolutely foam with passion——Can I call *her* sister, can I look upon *her* as my friend, who

has basely, treacherously, stolen from me the only man whom I ever loved?"

"You don't like lord Filmer then so well?"

"Name him not, I beseech you,—he is my aversion;—I loath, detest, abhor the wretch—I could bear my own disappointment with great patience, if——"

"What, is my Lord so altered since his marriage?—he bore a good character before."

"Oh, he is the sulkiest, the most negligent, ill-bred animal—but I will rouse him, if he is not made of the hardest marble—he shall feel, aye he shall most severely feel——"

"I am sorry you are not happy," replied Miss Cox, "but let me advise you not to take any violent methods to reclaim a man, whom you have sworn to love and obey:—believe me, Lady Filmer, men are stubborn creatures, and will not be driven:—they may, however,

however, be generally led by a gentle and skilful hand.—”

“ And so, Ma’am, you would have me sit down quietly with my Lord’s ill humours, and try mild methods?—mighty pretty, indeed!—I should be a fine fool, truly, to act so abject a part.—No, no, Kitty, while there is another man in the world, I will let him see, that though *he* slights me, my value is not unknown—I will rouse his passions to some purpose.—”

“ Take care, my friend,” answered the reformed Kitty, “ you don’t know what you are about—I have just tried the same experiment with a lover, and almost ruined myself by it: and you will find it extremely difficult to recal a husband by your way of proceeding against him.”

“ May be so, Madam,” replied Lady Filmer, with a sneer, “ I don’t in the least dispute *your* incapacity:—a great many women who fancy themselves tolerable, fail of success with the men, and then wonder
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how they happened to be disappointed, never once considering, that they have neither person nor talents to carry them through : now, as I have, luckily, *both*, I cannot possibly fail—”

“ In what, my dear,” cried Lady Grey, who entered the room just at that instant, and found Miss Cox, (come to the right use of her understanding) almost petrified at her old friend’s self-conceit and assurance. —“ In what, my dear?—’tis impossible that you should fail.—I know you have prodigious powers.”—

“ In making a fool of my Lord, Madam,” replied she, laughing, “ in making him do me the justice to confess, that I am every way his superior.”

“ The praises of the man, whom you have declared no proper judge of your merit, will not, I presume, be very flattering,” said Miss Cox, coolly, “ for my part, I declare, I had rather a thousand times gain the

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the esteem of *one* man of sense, than the adoration of all the fools in the kingdom."

"Only hear, Madam—how strangely she is altered!—but she does not even guess at my plan.—"

"No, child," said Lady Grey, "I dare swear you are too deep for *her*:—you are too deep for most people—(with a silly laugh)—Mr. Frisk declares, that, for solidity of judgment, he never saw your equal."—

"Mr. Frisk!—is that the coxcomb you have fixed upon to assist you in bringing my Lord to reason? he will surely turn the tables upon you, and laugh at you, in revenge.—No—if you *must* absolutely pursue a scheme which will, probably, ruin your reputation, and destroy your peace for ever, chuse a man of parts, at least—such a man may, perhaps, render my Lord extremely averse to you, but such a man will not expose you.—A man of sense rare-

ly exposes a woman, unless he is violently provoked by her ;—however, I still say, you don't know what you are about ; and, if you have the slightest regard for your future happiness, lay aside a design, the execution of which must inevitably bring misery upon yourself and family."

Here Miss Cox concluded her very rational admonition, which she delivered with the greater energy, as she had but just experienced the ill effects of a conduct, from which she sincerely dissuaded her friend ; but that young lady, and her mother, who thought her daughter's understanding superior to any body's, treated her friendly precautions with so much contempt, and the speaker of them, with such a laughing insolence, that she soon took her leave, fully intending not to repeat her visit to them.

Miss Cox had not been long gone, before Mr. Frisk entered the room.—The
mother

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mother and daughter, equally ridiculous, asked him, shouting, "what he had done to Miss Cox; to make her such an inveterate enemy."

"Just nothing at all," replied he, "and that, I suppose, is the very thing:—jealous, *'pon* honour;—nothing more, as I hope to live."

"Why, indeed, I thought as much," said Lady Filmer, craning her neck at the glass:—"she had no hopes of *you*, I suppose:—but you are a cruel devil now, Frisk, a'nt you?"

"And pray, ladies, who would spend his time indressing himself out with peebles, when he might hope to be adorned with a brilliant of the first water?"—bowing affectedly to Lady Filmer.—

"Well, that's a bright thought, isn't it, Madam?" said she, turning to her mother,—"he has an infinite deal of wit."—

“When you are his object, my dear,” replied Lady Grey, with a smile of exquisite delight, “he *does* shine, to be sure.”

Miss Cox, though perfectly dissatisfied with herself before, saw her own folly so strongly reflected by Lady Filmer's, that her resolution was strengthened by the last interview with her; and she conducted herself, in consequence of *that* resolution, with so much propriety, that Lord Haverford, from the frequent meetings between their families, began to wish Darnly could be brought to like her:—as her fortune and connections rendered an alliance very eligible to my Lord, who had heard nothing amiss of her, as her flirting had been chiefly during the few last years of her residence with her aunt, she appeared in an amiable light;—she was, indeed, now become a quite different creature.—With a view, therefore, to cure his son of a hopeless passion for a girl whom he had never approved of—though he was sensible of her attractions.

tractions, Lord Haverford was perpetually bringing Miss Cox into his apartments, desiring her to sing and play to him, as she was always ready to comply with his Lordship's intreaties.—Darnly was handsome, and the melancholy which appeared in his countenance, which was strongly expressed in every look and motion, touched her heart :—she pitied him, and pity is very nearly allied to love.—As she compassionated the uneasiness which was, she plainly saw, very painful to him, she soon wished to remove it :—besides, such a marriage far exceeded her expectations ; she, therefore, assiduously exerted all her captivating powers, to supplant Miss Cranmer ; well knowing, that *she* was lost to him, for ever.—She resolved also, to make it her whole study to promote his happiness, if her assiduities proved successful.—With these sentiments, she made all possible efforts to amuse, and to give pleasure to Darnly, as soon as she found that she was seriously encouraged by my Lord ; for, ac-

According to her new, and juster way of thinking, she would have condemned herself highly for taking such steps without such encouragement.

Darnly's wound was by this time cured, but he was still out of order; his physicians were apprehensive of a decline, and advised gentle exercise on horseback, if he found himself able to bear it.

Kitty took this hint, and told him, that she wished very much to understand the *menage*, but that she had been always afraid to go through the discipline of a riding-school, from the dread of being either thrown, or laughed at.—“Now, as you cannot ride, at present, very hard,” added she, with a seducing smile, “I will venture out with you, and, by patience and practice, may acquire in time, perhaps, a good deal, and be able to hunt with my Lord before Christmas.”

Darnly, who was of a disposition to be pleased, or, at least, to seem pleased with those

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those who strove to amuse him, declared himself quite satisfied with her scheme.— They rode together every morning, when the weather was favourable.—In their little excursions, she availed herself of every opportunity to touch his heart:—and, that she might introduce the subject on which she wished to expatiate, she spoke of Miss Cranmer, but spoke of her not as one woman does of another, she mentioned her as the most lovely girl in the world: lamented his disappointment in the most pathetic terms, and mixed no small quantity of compassion with her condolance.—This was a *coup de main* for poor Darnly, who had, till that moment, been obliged to smother his grief in his own bosom, for want of a proper person to receive the communication of it; he now opened his heart, and made the pitying Miss Cox acquainted with its most secret emotions.—From doating on the soft subject on which he employed his tongue, he, at length, became attached to the only person who would listen to his tender tale.

—Kitty listened to it, indeed, with the greatest attention, felt herself much affected by the pathetic parts of it, and grew as much pleased with him as he had been with Hebe.—The discoveries which she made by every look, word, and action, could not fail of making an impression on the heart of Darnly, already softened to a degree, by an unsuccessful passion.—He was never happy a minute out of her sight, and she became still more eager to be with him, more assiduous about him;—yet, as she feared, and not without reason, that he could never love *her*, at least as ardently as he had loved Miss Cranmer, she began to wish she had never fallen in his way, and trembled to indulge the slightest inclination for him, from a strong apprehension that it would never be returned.—However, as they were perpetually together, and generally conversed upon the tenderest of all subjects, they worked themselves up to such a pitch, that they were mutually uneasy, when their interviews were interrupted.—Frequently,

quently, and, indeed, inadvertently, would he catch her hand, press it, and call her his dear friend, his amiable Kitty, and, by so behaving, he always gave her a pleasure hardly to be concealed; but, whenever she happened to discover the charming satisfaction which she felt, she appeared in the greatest confusion, and blamed herself exceedingly, for the disclosure of her weakness.—Frequently, would she, on recollecting his former engagement—she could not possibly forget it, as she was continually talking of it—withdraw her hand, her arm from him:—but, when he took the one or other again, she was too well pleased to be refractory.—By these procedures, they grew more and more free in their carriage to each other; and all their little freedoms seemed to strengthen the tender friendship between them.

Kitty having walked too long, after a feverish complaint, the first day she went abroad, was ready, from weariness, to faint.

—Darnly, seeing her change colour, caught her in his arms—“ You are ill,” cried he, “ I am sure you are;—sit down upon this bank, and let me support you.—”

She complied, merely because she was not able to stand, and absolutely sunk down upon his bosom:—he pressed her closely to it, and made so many affecting speeches, that she rose, and, with a gentle sigh, while her face and neck were in a glow, said, “ Leave me, Mr. Darnly, I am not your Hebe.”

“ No, would to heaven you were,” replied he, still holding her,—“ I should then be blest, indeed:—”

Imagining from these words, by mistaking the meaning of them, that he thought she was as complying as he desired his Hebe to be, she resolved to alter her conduct, and to keep herself at a greater distance.—She immediately carried her design into execution;—

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ecution ;—she was as good humoured, as obliging as ever, but she no longer sought for opportunities to be in private with him :—and, when they happened to be by themselves, she threw more reserve into her behaviour.

Darnly, who was young, and naturally possessed of a large share of sensibility, soon missed, and even sighed for the little freedoms which she had before allowed him.—He certainly still loved Hebe to excess, but Kitty was, however, now become necessary to his happiness, especially as he had not the smallest hopes of the former; he, therefore, was vexed, when he found she had altered her behaviour, and wishing to be restored to his usual intimacy, asked her, one day, what he had done to displease her.

“ You have done nothing to displease me, Mr. Darnly—I am only displeased with myself.”

“ How can you receive displeasure from what is so exceedingly agreeable ?”

“ Ah!

"Ah! don't flatter me—I cannot bear flattery."

"I have not flattered you:—nor am I guilty of the least adulation, by telling you, that I cannot be happy without you."

She blushed, she sighed, she shook her head at him.

"I will not tell you, Miss Cox," continued he, "that I love you as passionately as I love Miss Cranmer, because I should only deceive you, by saying so; neither will I tell you, that I ever shall:—there is, however, such a charm in your conversation, that I shall be miserable without your company. After this proof of my sincerity, which is surely the greatest proof I can give of my attachment to you, can you bring yourself to accept of me? Time may do wonders, and I don't doubt, but that, upon a still closer intimacy, my inclination will gather strength. I never *can* have Miss Cranmer; will you, therefore, venture upon a man who has the truest esteem, the warmest

warmest friendship for you? Friendship, with such a lovely woman, will, in all probability, if returned, soon ripen into love.—But I have asked too much—my request is an unreasonable one—yet I must make another: let me intreat you, Miss Cox, not to deprive me of the felicity I at present enjoy:—you may still be my friend:—you are not under any engagements which can render a friendly intercourse between us improper—I cannot bear to lose you.—”

Kitty, all this while, sat with downcast eyes—her hands trembled; her heart throbbed; and all her emotions denoted the perturbation of her mind.—She turned from him, wiped her eyes, but could not speak.—He saw her confusion, and fancied that he saw a particular regard for him blended with it.—“My dear Miss Cox,” said he, “forgive me: I have offended, I perceive, but, *indeed*, without the least intention of giving offence—Can you then be angry with your friend, your Darnly?”

A deep sigh from Kitty, while she looked on him with a languishing smile, gave him no small hopes.—Throwing his arm round her, “Tell me, Miss Cox,” said he, “do you pardon my presumption? will you continue to be my friend? can you bear the man who has boldly confessed his passion for Miss Cranmer!—But, had he seen *you* first——shall I ask Mr. Cox’s permission to expect the happiness I sincerely sigh for?”

A pretty long pause here ensued.—Again, pressing her hand, he urged her to tell him, if he might reckon upon *her* consent.

At last, withdrawing her hand from his, she replied, with a half-serious air, “Don’t ask me any more, Mr. Darnly—I certainly ought to refuse you, and yet—I fear I shall not——”

“And why should you fear it?” said he, seizing her again.

“Because

"Because I have a thousand reasons—because—"

"You *have*, indeed," replied he, gravely, letting her go ; I cannot pretend to deserve you—"

"Hold Darnly—you deserve a better woman than I am, I believe, for I have been a violent flirt ; but though I have sometimes gone beyond the bounds of discretion, never have I, by all that's good, stained my honour, and I can, with the greatest truth and sincerity, aver, that I detest myself as much for my past follies, as I wish I had never committed them : if, therefore, you will take me with all my faults, and my father approves—"

"So frank a confession," said Darnly, interrupting her, "deserves more than it is in my power to give ; but time, I hope, and a nearer acquaintance with each other, will render me capable of doing justice to your sincerity, which has added new charms to those I have already admired.—"

This

This affair being settled between Miss Cox and Mr. Darnly, to the entire satisfaction of the former, she redoubled her endeavours to please the man who was really become very dear to her, and who had now made it her interest to render herself agreeable to him: while he, not easy either with her or without her, strove to let her see, that her efforts were not thrown away upon him.—In a very little time, indeed, she gained extremely upon him:—and, though he sighed because she was not Hebe, he felt great pleasure in the hours which he spent with *her*:—yet was not Darnly so taken up, as to forget what he owed to Lord Frampton, and even to Miss Cranmer.—“ Shall I be the happier for continuing by my absurd behaviour, to render Hebe miserable?—no, I will hasten my marriage with this engaging girl, that I may, in her endearments, forget her rival;—but I ought, certainly, first to give up Miss Cranmer to Lord Frampton.”

After

After a little struggle, which his remaining passion for Hebe occasioned, he went to Lord Frampton, and told him he was come to resign all pretensions to the lovely Miss Cranmer: adding, that he hoped he should be able to bring himself to hear of her happiness with his Lordship with pleasure; and acquainting him, at the same time, with his engagement with Miss Cox.

My Lord could hardly hear him out, so great was his impatience, so eager was he to fly to Hebe, and to tell her, that she was at liberty to make him completely happy.—He had but just patience enough to wish Darnly all the felicity he could himself desire, in return.

Hebe was still exceedingly indisposed; though she concealed her illness as much as possible, for fear of affecting her mother and my Lord, who watched over her with the utmost anxiety and sollicitude.

Mrs.

Mrs. Cranmer had that day stepped out, finding herself a little better, and left Hebe to herself, who, glad of a moment to throw off all restraint, had laid herself down on the sofa. Having had no rest the preceding night, she had just fallen into a slumber, when my Lord made his appearance.—His entrance was rather precipitate, but it happened *not* to wake her.—He sat down by her: he was glad to see her in so composed a state, but he could not help wishing she would wake, that he might communicate what he so much longed to utter.—With transports almost too violent to be kept under, he gazed on her: he thought she never looked so lovely: her disorder, which had made a considerable progress, discovered itself to the skilful observer, by the lively glow upon her lilly cheeks, as well as the strong pulse in her neck; but, in my Lord's eyes, who did not believe her to be so bad as she really was, she appeared with additional beauties.—He sat like *Suckling's* lover, comparing himself

self to a miser in the same situation, and thought every minute an hour, while he hung over her deeply enamoured.

The moment she opened her eyes, he caught her hand, grown more white during her illness, and cried, " My life, my Hebe, I am the happiest of men Darnly, my dear angel, has just called on me, to tell me, that he resigns you, that he is going to marry a Miss Cox. —But you don't seem transported, my love: shall you then be sorry to make your Frampton happy?"

Poor Miss Cranmer, who knew her own feelings better than any body else could possibly know them, was, instead of overflowing with raptures, as my Lord expected her to be, immediately struck with the certainty of her being destined *not* to enjoy the blessing held out to her, she sighed; her emaciated hand dropped from his, by her side, while he started from her with
sorrow

sorrow and surprise.—She turned away her face a few moments, to hide her emotions.—My Lord, who imagined that her behaviour was only occasioned by the extreme delicacy of her sensations, snatched her with ecstasy to his arms, and cried, “Nay, nay, my Hebe, all reluctance is now unnecessary: we have waited long enough.”

“Stay but till I am well, my Lord,” replied she, blushing and sighing, with her heart almost broke, to think of what my Lord and her affectionate mother would feel at parting with her.

“I will stay for nothing now, my dearest; nor can you desire me to stay any longer, if you love me.”

The entrance of Mrs. Cranmer, who had been still willing to flatter herself, that her darling was not in such a dangerous way, put a stop to their little debate, and she freely gave her consent to the speedy marriage

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riage of her Hebe.—Hebe, however, continued to intreat my Lord not to hurry her.

“ Say no more, my life :—I must immediately call you mine, and then we will set out directly for the south of France, which, I hope and firmly believe, will quite remove all your complaints.”

She shook her head, but had no power to make any opposition.

In less than a week, my Lord had finished his preparations for the long, and ardently expected moment.—Letters were sent from him and from Mrs Cranmer, who was transported at the thoughts of seeing her daughter happy, to Sir Edward and Lady Fawthorp, and Sir James Grey—(who was still with them)—to request their company. They all attended, and the blushing bride, still lovely, though almost worn to a skeleton, was conveyed to *that* church in which she first saw

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Lord Frampton, and in which the ceremony was performed by Mr. Dawson.

The new-made Lady Frampton, supported all the necessary parade, though there was as little as possible, tolerably; she pronounced her part of the ceremony very audibly, and chearfully; but, when it was over, and, when my Lord caught her in his arms to embrace her, she fainted: and, such a deadly paleness overspread her countenance, that he called aloud for help. It was a long time before she could be restored to her senses, by the customary applications: as soon as she recovered a little, they carried her into Mr. Dawson's house, adjoining to the church, and laid her on a sofa, close to which, my Lord threw himself on his knees, and, with a voice which discovered how cruelly he was alarmed, begged her to tell him how she found herself, and what had occasioned so sudden a shock.

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“ My distemper, my Lord, is come to a crisis :—I always feared, I never should live to be yours ; yet, as I knew how deeply the discovery of my feelings would affect you, I had not courage to communicate them.—But it will be all over with me in a short time.—The exertion of my spirits to give you this last proof of my love has rather hastened, I believe, what must otherwise soon have happened :—but I rejoice, my dear, my beloved Lord, that I had it in my power to give it you.—I can do no more.—Say something to comfort my poor dear mother, whose distress makes me shudder, and makes a considerable addition to my sufferings.”

Mrs. Cranmer was, indeed, by this time agonized with affliction.—My Lord, though half distracted himself, was ready to afford his dying wife the last satisfaction he could administer, by turning his whole attention, for a while, to her disconsolate mother : but he could only say, in broken accents, “ Do

not grieve, Madam;—send directly for the doctor;—my dear creature is, I hope, not so bad as she declares herself to be: she is, I hope, too hastily alarmed.—But oh! my Hebe—do not tell me what will deprive me of my reason—and yet can I desire you, at such a time, to conceal your feelings—heavens! should what we fear, come to pass, what a fate will be mine!”

“O my child, my child!” cried the raving Mrs. Cranmer, “had I thought, could I have believed that you was so dangerously ill, I should have, long ere now, sent for more assistance—why, why,” continued she, folding her to her bosom, “why did you, my dearest, so carefully conceal your illness from a mother, who would have freely given *her* life to save yours.”

“Nothing could save me, my dear, my honoured mother—was it not, therefore, better, while I had it in my power, to appear chearful and easy;—had I complain-
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ed before, you would only have had the anguish of seeing me die daily—one pang will now serve for all.”

Mrs. Cranmer, almost choaked with grief, could only reply with her tears, which fell profusely on Hebe's face, while she supported her in her arms.

Lord Frampton, on the point of sinking under the load of his affliction, knew not how to articulate an intelligible word; nor could Sir James, Sir Edward, or Lady Fawthorp, utter any consolation.—Lady Fawthorp, indeed, was so much affected by the near approach of her amiable young friend's dissolution, that Sir Edward, fearing her stay in the room might be attended with fatal consequences, insisted upon her seeing Lady Frampton no more;—she complied with his importunities, merely to quiet him, as he was so anxious about her, and he endeavoured, by a thousand assiduities, to prevent her from dwelling upon so very melancholy a scene.

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The physician, for whom Lord Frampton had sent, informed them, soon after his arrival, though with the greatest reluctance, that the unfortunate young lady had been but too well acquainted with her own case; as she had a very few hours to live.

On this dreadful declaration, Mrs. Cranmer fell into fits.

My Lord, not much more in his senses, strove to assist his mother and his wife, alternately.—The latter would, indeed, have engrossed his attention, had she not repeatedly urged him, while she was able to speak, to take care of her dear mother, to be a comfort, a support to her.—“If ever you loved your Hebe,” continued she, with faltering accents, “pay some regard to her last, her dying request, and save the dear authoress of her being, from sorrow and misery.”

Lord Frampton, with streaming eyes, again and again answered her, that she
might

might depend upon him; and that he certainly would, if fate had destined him to survive her, spend the remainder of his days in trying to console Mrs. Cranmer.—

“I am satisfied with your promise,” said Hebe, faintly, but in a tone expressive of her gratitude, “as I never questioned either your honour or your love.—I could wish,” added she, “to have one more embrace from my mother, before we part for ever—yet—upon recollection—’tis better as it is—it would be too much for her to see me die—Do *you*, my Lord, tell her from *me*, when she is able to hear it, that I leave the world, full of the tenderest sense of all her kindness to me; and beg her to consider, that, had I lived longer, I might have been seized with some sudden illness, which carries off young as well as old; and that had I been long happy with you, my amiable lover, my most affectionate husband, I should have been still more loath to part with you—Let such reflections as

these, my dear Lord, reconcile you to my fate.—A very short time have I had it in my power to give myself to you ; but, be assured, that I had rather, much rather be in the state I now am, than married to any other man.”

Here she paused : she grew weaker and weaker, and could no more make herself understood, after having said, “ Gracious God, support my mother.”—When she had pronounced these words, she reclined her head upon Lord Frampton’s bosom, who sat with his arm round her, absorbed in grief, and resigned her breath, without a single groan, without the slightest convulsion.

The situation of Lord Frampton and Mrs. Cranmer, was not easily to be described, nor can it well be said, whether the former or the latter was the most distracted, at so dreadful a blow.

As to Lady Fawthorp, she was so shocked, that Sir Edward insisted upon her going

ing home immediately, assuring her, that he and Sir James would follow her, as soon as they had seen Mrs. Cranmer a little recovered: but it was a much longer time than he expected, before she could be brought to hear, calmly, of her daughter's death.

Lord Frampton appeared to be stunned with the severe shock he had felt, and remained in a kind of stupor for several hours. — As soon as he came to himself, he enquired eagerly after Mrs. Cranmer, who had been put to bed, and seemed to be too much affected by her daughter's death, to survive her a great while.

Sir Edward, unable to stay any longer from his Eudofia, begged Sir James to console, as much as he could, the amiable mourners, and went home.

Sir James, very willingly, remained behind, and omitted nothing which he

thought might tend to reconcile his suffering friends to their severe fate: and he exerted himself so powerfully, that he, at last, made them consent to take all proper care of themselves.—“Consider, Madam,” said this worthy man, to Mrs. Cranmer, “how impious it is to fly in the face of Providence, who certainly knows what is best for us, and against whose decrees the slightest murmur is criminal. Your daughter, though lovely beyond expression, was also innocent and good; and she is, perhaps, snatched by the hand of mercy, from evils which, though unforeseen by you, might have produced disquietudes to you, never to be removed; disquietudes not to be endured by her.”—Perceiving that his words made the wished-for impression upon her, he turned to Lord Frampton, “And have you so soon, my Lord, forgot the last, the dying injunctions of the loveliest of women, the most dutiful and affectionate of daughters, who, in so earnest a manner, besought you to comfort and support

support her sorrowful mother?—Rouse yourself, my Lord, and remember, that you can now only shew your regard for Hebe, by complying with her final request :—by endeavouring to make the remainder of *that* mother's life happy, at least tolerably comfortable, who was so dear, so deservedly dear to her.—I know what you would say”—continued he, observing my Lord impatient to reply—“ your Hebe's mother must feel even more than you, tho' a bridegroom, upon this very melancholy occasion.—I was once a young man, and I am sensible that you have met with a heavy disappointment, yet your loss is not irreparable.—You may hereafter, when time has weakened the remembrance of your Lady's perfections, meet with another young and lovely woman, to supply *her* place in your heart ;—but where, O where will Mrs. Cranmer find a child like her Hebe?—never will she find such a child! who will now, alas, cheer her gloomy hours! who will watch by her side, and comfort her,

when on the bed of sickness?—she has not *one* relation, *one* friend left, able to make her amends for the overwhelming loss which she has sustained.—Nobody, but a parent, can tell what a parent feels, under the pressure of such a misfortune.—Let it be your care then, my Lord, as the husband of this beloved daughter, to support and comfort, in obedience to her last intreaty, her disconsolate mother.—Instead of abandoning yourself to despondence, undertake this friendly, this necessary office; and, by way of administering consolation to yourself, suppose your Hebe an eye-witness to the performance of her dying request.”

My Lord attended, with a melancholy silence to this speech of Sir James's, which he uttered with all the warmth of friendship, both for himself, and for the distressed Mrs. Cranmer, who stood so much in need of that consolation he had so strongly recommended.—

“I want no inducement,” said my Lord, “to do every thing in my power, to comfort Mrs. Cranmer.—I shall strictly observe my poor dying love’s earnest recommendation.—I shall ever be a firm friend to her excellent mother : I shall make it my first request to her, to remain with me, for I can now receive no satisfaction, but in talking over the happy hours, never—never to return.”

—He was too much affected to proceed.—Sir James, then thinking that both he and Mrs. Cranmer would sooner recover themselves, by an uninterrupted indulgence of their grief, left them, and returned to Sir Edward’s.—He there found Lady Fawthorp very much indisposed; so severely had she been shocked by the death of Lady Frampton.

As soon as the news of Lady Frampton’s death reached Darnly, who had just brought himself to be reconciled to his intended marriage with Miss Cox, it threw him into so melancholy a state, that, not only his new

passion seemed to be extinguished, but his life appeared to be in danger.—“I, I have killed this charming young creature,” said he, striking his breast in an agony of sorrow—“Had it not been for me, she had now been alive, blest with the man of her choice, and blessing him in return.—Had I but left her, when I found she preferred Lord Frampton, she had been now happy, and I should not have been thus cruelly forced to reproach myself, for having caused her death.—My fatal rashness in attacking a man whom she loved, and my absurd obstinacy in refusing to give her up to him, even when I was certain that I was deservedly the object of her aversion, have, by preying upon her tender spirits, destroyed her.”

In this frame of mind, in this self-condemning situation, Miss Cox found Darnly : and, looking upon herself at this time as nearly married to him, she became distressed at his affliction to the greatest degree.—Giving herself up, therefore, to remove a dejection, which

which made her tremble for his life, she spared no pains to gain a point she had so much a heart: and Lord Haverford, who had just began to hope that his son was returned to his reason, assisted her to the utmost of his power; lavishing on her a thousand encomiums, for the uncommon part she acted, in an affair in which few women would have acquitted themselves with so delicate a propriety.—She was, however, no longer the gay, the lively, the blooming Kitty Cox; her tenderness and anxiety for Darnly had thrown a languor over her features, and a paleness over her whole countenance, which rendered her more like her lover—for her lover he really was, notwithstanding his feelings on the death of Miss Cranmer—than herself.—She scarce left him a moment; and endeavoured to find out remedies for his affliction, but in vain.—“You are resolved then to kill me,” said she, one day, to him, while, with her eyes full of tears, she pressed his cold hand, cold with grief—“you are resolved

to deprive *me* of life, who have had no share in the event, which could not have been foreseen, nor, if foreseen, hindered by any human opposition. I must die, Darnly, only because I love you too well, to see you miserable."

This speech, when all her efforts to revive his passion for her had been ineffectual, was successful.—"No, my dear Kitty," replied he, my amiable friend, my only comforter; I will strive to conquer my sorrow, to stifle my remorse, for your sake: I will endeavour to reward a tenderness, my dear girl, which I have neither merited nor returned;—but you must permit me to lament the wretchedness I have, by my folly, brought upon an innocent family, who deserved a better fate."

Miss Cox, who had studied Darnly's temper thoroughly, told him, that she did not complain of the regret he expressed for the loss of Miss Cranmer.—"I will weep for

for her, myself :” added she, “ I only beg, that you would not hurt your health, by extreme sorrow for what cannot be remedied.—I cannot—indeed I cannot live without you.”

Time, at last, made him sensible, that, by having patiently suffered him to talk of Hebe, and by having been unalterably attached to him, notwithstanding his known partiality for another, she was the only woman formed to make him happy : and, though he married Miss Cox before he really loved her as well as she loved him, the personal charms of so fine a girl, and the endearments which their marriage authorized her to bestow upon him, made her, at last, the unrivalled mistress of his heart.—He loved her fondly, and he never wandered to another woman.—She too, fully convinced of the indiscreetness of her behaviour to Sir Edward, became thoroughly averse to all kinds of coquetry : by that conviction, and her tenderness for Darnly together,

ther, she was very soon, and deservedly so, the happiest of her sex.

Poor Mrs. Cranmer and Lord Frampton, never recovered entirely *that* tranquillity, of which they had been deprived in so melancholy a manner. The former, from the extremity of her grief, for the loss of her darling daughter, was thrown back into her old indisposition, which would have most probably proved fatal, had not Lord Frampton, by having recourse to the most prevailing arguments he could think of, and, by discovering the tenderest esteem for her, induced her to give encouragement to chearful reflections, which he hoped and believed, would be so favourable to her health, as nothing is more likely to injure the springs of life than excessive grief.— As soon as she was able to leave her bed, he pressed her so earnestly to quit a place which must ever remind her of her Hebe, that she consented to accompany him to one of his estates in a distant part of the country.

country.—There they shut themselves up.—*she* spent her time chiefly in sharing the large sums she received from my Lord, with the sick and indigent in the neighbourhood; and *he*, in studying how to make *her* life happy, whom, for his Hebe's sake, he treated with as much respect, as if she had been his own mother.—Mr. Cranmer—the uncle of his lady—sent compliments frequently to him after his marriage, but he never could be prevailed to receive a single visit from a man, who had been so unkind to his brother's widow, and so regardless of such a fine young creature as his niece.

It is now time to return to the Grey family—the *Park* began to be in great confusion.—Lord Filmer, who had, for a good while, seen what he, for a good while, affected not to observe, found it necessary, at last, to exert the authority of a husband:—he plainly, therefore, told his lady, that her behaviour to Frisk was scandalous to the
highest

highest degree; and that, if she persisted in giving him encouragement, she would become infamous.—“To save you from infamy,” continued he, “I will take you directly to my house in town.”

By thus prudently taking her quite by surprise, she was rather unprepared for a reply; and, therefore, only flounced out of the room in the pouts.—She went whining to her mother’s apartment, and said she would not go, as she could not bear the thoughts of leaving *her*: though, in fact, Frisk was the person from whom she had no inclination to be separated, and with whom she was pretty deeply engaged.

My Lady immediately took fire at this proceeding, and vowed she should not leave her, unless she chose to go, not for all the husbands in England.

“I won’t go, indeed,” said Lady Filmer, “I will let him see, that I don’t care a button
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ton for him: I will do as I please, as well as himself, and stay here in spite of him."

"Ay, my dear, you are quite in the right;—if you don't show a little spirit, at first, you may be kept under as long as you live.—Tell him, at once, child, that you will have your own way: it was just so that I got the better of your father: Sir James was like other men; he had his vagaries, but I soon let him know, that I was above being managed by any man; and that's the only way: if you once let them get a head, there is no taking them down afterwards."

This very indiscreet advice did not, in the least, tend, it may be supposed, to make Lady Filmer more tractable:—she, on the contrary, grew more refractory; and, when Mr. Frisk joined them soon afterwards in the parlour, she told her fate to him, and embellished it with a number of *witty* sarcasms against Lord Filmer, which embellishments were so extremely animating to the
egregious

egregious coxcomb, that he determined to seize the first opportunity to bring her to his own terms, lest my Lord should whirl her to London, before he had reaped the advantage he hoped to gain from their frequent quarrels, which now began to be carried on in a very public manner.

Frisk received this pretty story with a sneering kind of grin, which, at once, discovered a very fine set of teeth, a contemptible head, and a malicious heart.—Catching the fair *narratress* by the hand, he pressed it to his lips, and cried, “Faith, my lady, you may take your revenge as soon as you please—I am your man,” continued he, straddling, rising upon his toes, and then setting himself firm upon his feet; then pulling up his breeches, and staring full in her face, with an insolence which would have deterred many women from speaking to him again: Lady Filmer, however, was not one of *them*: she had now accustomed herself both to his nonsense and his

his assurance, and did not know how to do without him: and *he*, looking upon her as just ready to sink into his arms, determined to stay a little longer in the country, though it began to have a dreary appearance, rather than be disappointed.

Lord Filmer grew very peremptory.—“I insist upon your going to town,” said he to his lady, one day, “or of continuing here for ever—but, if you prefer your father’s house to mine, remember, Madam, that I will neither see you again, nor make you any separate allowance, as you will act entirely against my approbation.”

Sir James, who was by this time returned home, strove to conciliate matters between them; and, after a great many persuasive speeches to his daughter, brought her to consent to go to London, provided Lady Grey went with her, who had privately stimulated her to make that agreement,

ment, as she could not bear to live without her favourite.

Lord Filmer was not at all pleased with this clause, as he imputed a great part of my lady's imprudence to her mother's folly: but as he could not decently affront Lady Grey, he made her the compliment of his house while she staid in London.

Lady Filmer previously engaged Frisk to follow her; he was indeed heartily sick of the country, as there were few people left in it:—but, just before their setting out, on the breaking out of a fresh difference between Lord and Lady Filmer, the latter flew to her admirer, with her heart bursting with passion, and complained, in the bitterest terms, of the former's behaviour: and, being quite unguarded, never once thought it possible for my Lord to overhear her: his Lordship, however, happened to be in the very next apartment—unable to contain himself, after what he there
saw

saw and heard, he rushed into the room, and found her in the arms of Frisk, to whom she was on the point of yielding.

Frisk, letting her go immediately on my Lord's appearance, attempted to sneak away, to prevent any altercation upon a subject, in the discussion of which, he knew, he should make a contemptible figure; but my Lord, stepping up to him, and catching him by the arm, said, "Stay, Sir, and give me instant satisfaction, for the liberties you have dared to take with *my* wife."

"Who I, my Lord?" cried the coxcomb, shaking from head to foot, though he affected to appear quite composed, "I was only trying to recover my lady from a swoon, into which she had just fallen, at the sight of you."

"Learn then," said my Lord, applying his foot to a part rather averse to such an attack, "not to interpose for the future in

my affairs; and never trouble yourself again with Lady Filmer."

"And who, Sir," said her ladyship, interrupting him, flaming with resentment, "who shall hinder me from speaking to any gentleman, to whom I chuse to complain, of the most barbarous usage a woman ever met with.—"

This speech was followed by a flood of tears, which plainly flowed from anger, not from grief.

"You are at liberty, Madam," replied my Lord, with a strong sneer, to complain to any gentleman, but such a fellow as this—(still holding him, and repeating his kicks)—is not worthy of the name of a gentleman."

"'Tis false," said she, "he is more a gentleman than you: and it is you alone, who prevents him from righting himself, by holding him."

"Ay

"Ay, Sir," cried Frisk, almost at the same time, "it is you, Sir, (struggling) who prevents me—"

"D—n me, Madam, do you offer to take his part," said my Lord—"Nay then, I'll kick him to the devil."

He then continued kicking Frisk, till he got him quite to the door, and, pushing him out, shut it against him.

"Do you think, Sir, because you have presumed to insult a gentleman, who is my father's guest, only for being civil to me, you have got the better of me?—you are entirely mistaken—vastly out, I assure you—I shall complain to my father immediately, who will see that justice is done me."

Before my Lord could return an answer, in burst Lady Grey—"What's the matter, my dear child? I thought I heard a violent noise."

"O Madam," replied Lady Filmer, still crying, "he has behaved in the most out-

rageous manner:—he has insulted *me*;—and absolutely held Mr. Frisk, while he kicked him shamefully: but I would have him to know, that I won't put up such an affront.—I will see Mr. Frisk in spite of him.”

“By all means, my dear; if I was in your place, nobody should controul me—indeed, my Lord—I can't think what Mr. Frisk can possibly have done to you—I am sure 'tis taking monstrous liberties, to kick a gentleman who comes to visit Sir James: I am certain 'tis what he won't suffer; and then, my poor Caroline, you have almost thrown her into fits—but never mind him, my dear; if he sees you thus, affected with every little thing, he will only tease you the more—I assure you, Sir, I shall inform Sir James of your proceedings: they are really too gross to be endured.”

“Hold, Madam, said my Lord; you have entirely, by the folly of your own conduct, driven me to take measures by

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no means agreeable to me, though absolutely necessary :—had you not perpetually spirited up your daughter against me, persuaded her to refuse compliance with the smallest of my requests, and encouraged her to flirt with other fellows, this affair, about which you and she make such a confounded noise, never would have happened : but, as I live, if she does not promise me never to speak to that puppy again, and to go off quietly to morrow morning, with me, to London, I will never look upon her, nor give myself a single moment's trouble concerning her."

"You may let it alone, then," said my Lady, "for I will not break off my acquaintance with Mr. Frisk, for you, or any body ; and you may go as soon as you please, for I never will live with such an ill-tempered wretch, whatever may be the consequence."

My Lord, beginning to grow intolerably weary of my lady's behaviour, and having

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not the slightest hopes of her becoming more obliging, while she was supported by her mother, applied to Sir James, and begged him to persuade his daughter to leave her mother, and to go with him to town : —but his persuasions being vigorously opposed by Lady Grey, proved ineffectual. —He, therefore, left her, and went to London alone.

Soon after his departure, Lady Filmer, finding herself at full liberty to pursue her own inclinations, renewed her intimacy with Frisk, who continued in the country about a month after my lord had left it. —Tired, however, at last, with the same object, and dying with the repetition of the same dull village amusements, he eloped, one morning, without taking leave of the ladies ; as he had, during his short acquaintance with the younger, found her incapable of bearing the least contradiction with tolerable temper, and finding also Lady Grey too ridiculously attached to her, to be-
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have decently to those who differed from her daughter.

Lady Filmer, as soon as she missed her lover, became absolutely furious, declared to her mother what had passed between them, and vowed she would follow him all over the world.

Lady Grey, whose eyes were now opened, though too late, but who had not yet the heart to chide her favourite, even after the commission of a capital crime, only told her gently, that she was sorry things had gone so far—"I hope, my dear, you will have patience, and continue with me:—all may be forgotten in time."

Lady Filmer would not hear of staying, after Frisk's departure.—She set out immediately for London, in a post chaise; took lodgings in Bond-Street, and frequented every public place, in hopes of seeing her fickle admirer: but, instead of him, she,

one night at the play, saw Lord Filmer in a close *tête à tête*, with a very pretty woman, in the green boxes. She watched them, during the representation of the *Provoked Husband*; and then, with all the fury of an injured wife, not once considering that she had been the aggressor, followed them to a bagnio, in which she exposed herself to a monstrous degree, by insulting my Lord and his companion with the most scandalous epithets.—Little regarding, however, her passion or her scurrility, he handed the lady out of the house, put her into a chair, and slipped very quietly into another himself, in order to accompany her to her own apartments; leaving Lady Filmer to vent her rage on the people of the house.

While she was clamorously abusing the absent pair, the sight of whom had stirred up such a tempest in her mind, her old friend Frisk, who happened to have been also engaged with a girl there, darted out upon her:—she instantly seized him by the
arm,

arm, and, in the midst of her fury, expressed the highest transports on meeting with him: but, as he preferred the lady whom he had secured for the night, and had been not a little terrified, from the moment he saw my Lord enter the house, he turned from her, and affected not to know her.

This cavalier behaviour of Frisk, threw her into such a prodigious passion, that she called him all the villains she could think of; and he, with great difficulty, got out of the house.—She stayed long enough after him, to make herself extremely ridiculous, and then returned to her lodgings, in a state little short of distraction: her servants, for she had brought her *woman* and footman to town, knew not what to do with her:—as she had treated them with haughtiness, and flew at them like a tigress, for the most trivial omission, they hardly were able to live with her; they sent, therefore, to inform Lady Grey of her situation.

Lady

Lady Grey immediately hurried to Sir James, who, according to his old custom, was sitting quietly with a book in his hand, and insisted upon his going with her to London, and bringing back Caroline.

Sir James, who had really not been sorry to get rid of a daughter, who had always been a trouble to him, and now was become a scandalous character, complied, with reluctance.—They set out post.

Lady Filmer, though not at all pleased to see her father, was glad, however, as she found herself ill treated and deserted by every body, to have her mother to hear her complaints, knowing that *she* would support her in all her whims.—Accordingly, my lady persuaded her to go home with her.—Sir James, unknown to them, had been in search of my lord, and availed himself of every argument he could think of, to prevail on him to make up the difference with his wife; but to no purpose: his lordship

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ship told him, he was too well acquainted with her affair with that coxcomb, Frisk, to have any thing farther to say to her; and that she was quite at liberty to follow her own fancy, provided she kept out of *his* way: adding, that had she been ever so little complying in her temper, and discreet in her carriage, no man was more disposed to live upon the best terms with her; but that now his regard to his honour and his peace, would not permit him to have any future connections with her.

This unwelcome reply was delivered, however, with great composure to Sir James, whom he really pitied, for being plagued with such a wife and such a daughter; to whom the baronet softened what he had heard, when he related it to them, being afraid, and with reason, of their flying out, and exposing themselves more than they had already done.—Lady Filmer, therefore, was obliged either to return to her father's house, or to stand a chance of
falling

falling into much worse hands.—In *that* house she still remains, slighted and despised by every body, and continues so very careless of her conduct, that most of the neighbouring families have broke off all acquaintance with Lady Grey, on *her* account : yet this too partial mother cannot see the errors of her *Favourite* : Lady Fawthorp, on the contrary, by her prudence, and the sweetness of her disposition, has so entirely gained upon Sir Edward, that he absolutely idolizes her, and never leaves her a moment, but when his absence cannot be dispensed with : by the tender attentions of her exemplary husband, she was perfectly recovered from the shock which she received on Lady Frampton's death, and, in due time, was brought to bed of a fine boy, who is equally the darling of his father and his mother : Sir Edward and Sir James have at length convinced her, that she has no reason to be uneasy, about the neglect of a mother and sister, who, were they to see her, would only endeavour to interrupt her domestic

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domestic felicity; she, therefore, begins to think less and less concerning them, and makes herself quite happy with her father, and her dear Sir Edward:—her little son is the very picture of the latter.

The author of the above history, cannot conclude it, without hoping, that, by the different behaviour of the *two sisters*, the different consequences arising from a right and wrong education, are clearly pointed out; and that those parents who are inclined to let their children, daughters particularly, give a loose to their passions without controul, from an excessive fondness for them, will be induced to rectify their errors, before the passions, which ought not to be indulged, grow too strong to be curbed.—The FAVOURITE would, probably, have been as happy, and as deserving of felicity, as her sister, if her ridiculously-partial mother, had not instilled into her young mind, the most improper sentiments; had

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not gratified all her capricious humours; had not encouraged her perverseness, and her pride.—By her folly, her haughtiness, and her obstinacy, Lady Filmer rendered herself at once contemptible and wretched: by her good sense, humility, and mildness, Lady Fawthorp made herself loved and respected, by all who were sensible of her merit, and is amply rewarded for *that* merit, by the uncommon happiness which she enjoys in the marriage state.

THE END.



